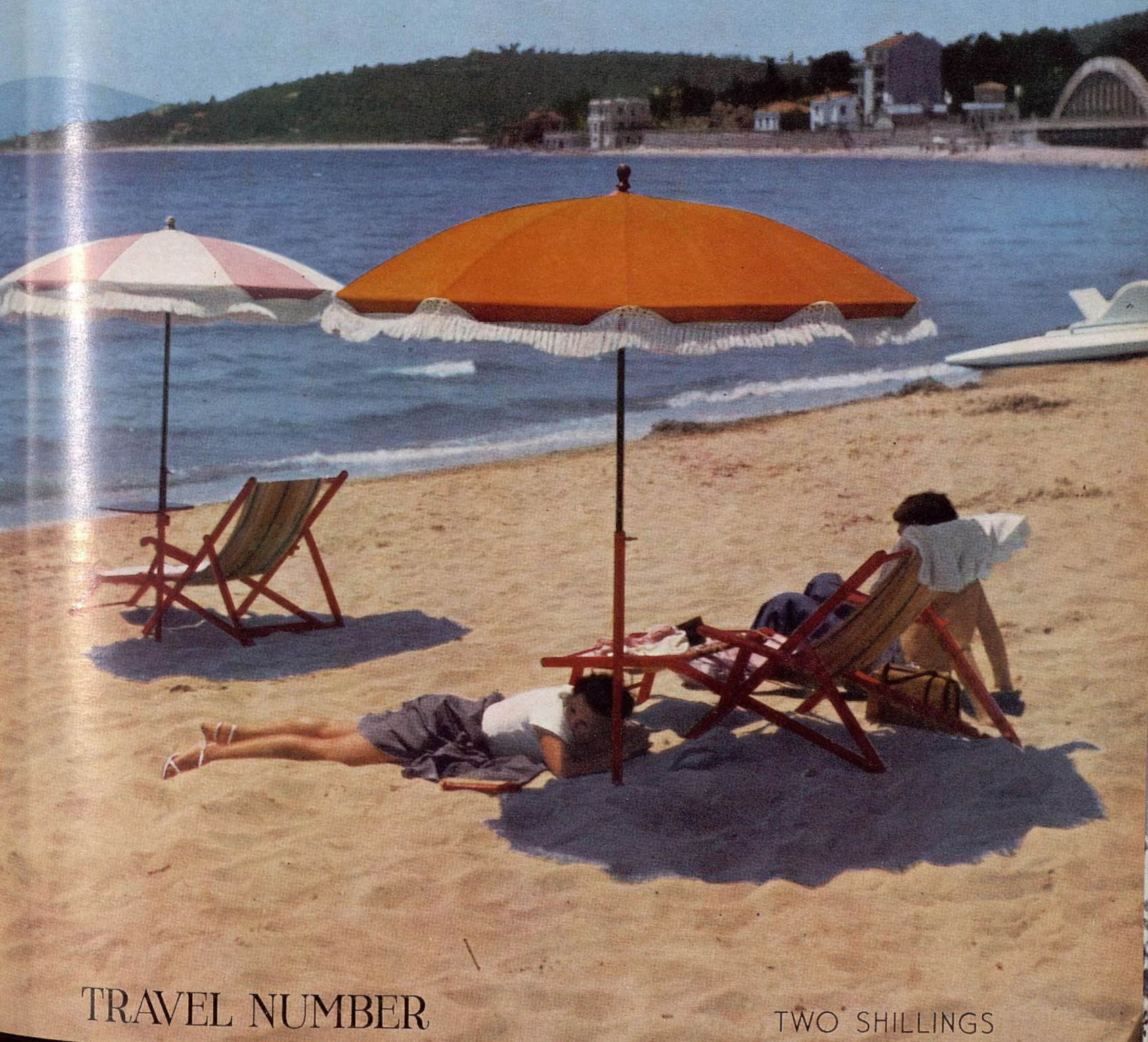


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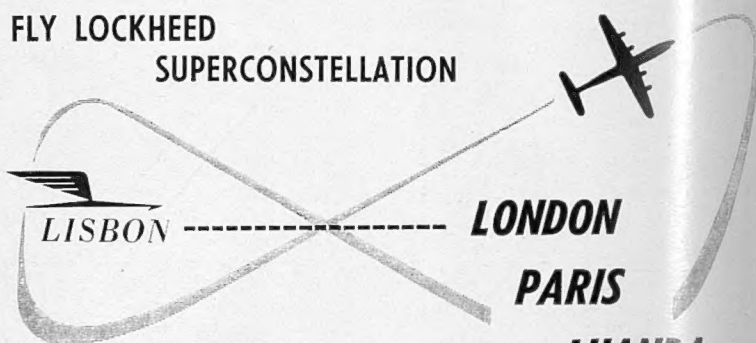
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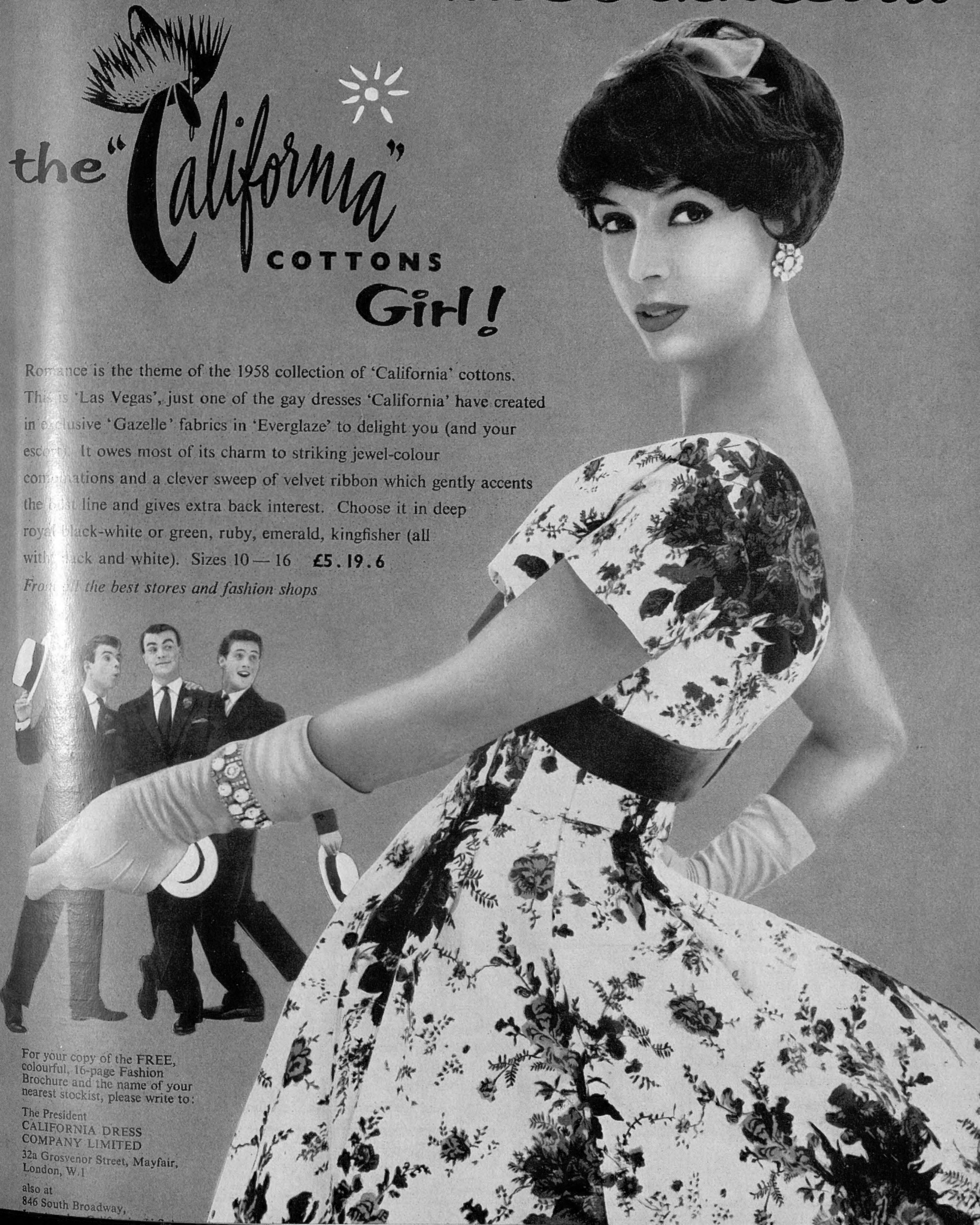
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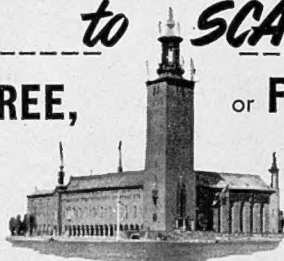


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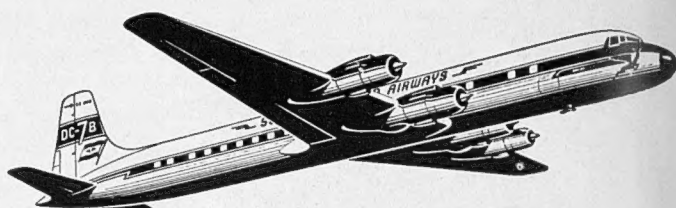
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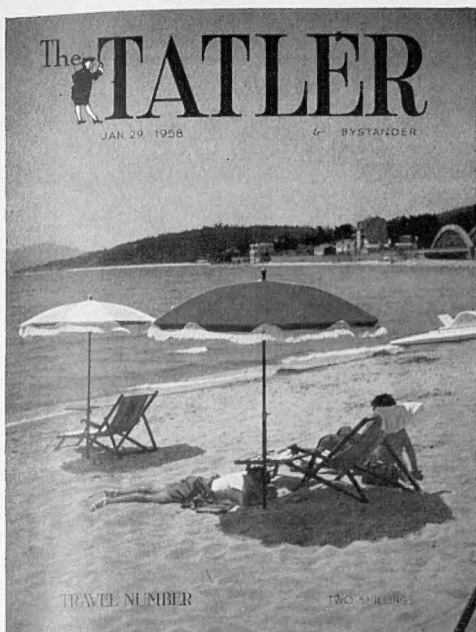
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THE TRAVEL NUMBER of The TATLER is specially planned to provide helpful ideas for the would-be holidaymaker who is already thinking of a change of air and scenery in the coming spring or summer. This issue suggests where to go and how to get there, and contains pages of fashion and shopping with a rich choice of holiday clothes and accessories. The colour photograph on the cover was taken on a beach of the gay and cosmopolitan Côte d'Azur

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 29 to February 5

Jan. 29 (Wed.) First night: *The Iceman Cometh*, at the Arts. Steeplechasing at Kempton Park.

Jan. 30 (Thu.) First night: *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*, at the Comedy Theatre. The Italian Opera Season opens at Drury Lane. Steeplechasing at Kempton Park.

Jan. 31 (Fri.) First night: *A Touch Of The Sun*, at the Saville Theatre. Hunt Balls: V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt Ball at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester; the Old Berkeley Hunt Ball at Watford Town Hall; the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Ball at Kirtlington Park. Steeplechasing at Doncaster and Windsor.

Feb. 1 (Sat.) Rugby Football: England v. Australia (Wallabies) at Twickenham; Wales v. Scotland at Cardiff. The Cottesmore Hunt Ball at the R.A.F. Station, Cottesmore.

Steeplechasing at Doncaster, Windsor, Stratford-upon-Avon and Sedgefield.

Feb. 2 (Sun.) Tchaikovsky Concert: Reizenstein with the London Symphony Orchestra, conductor George Hurst, at the Royal Albert Hall.

Feb. 3 (Mon.) Scarteen Hunt Ball at Castle Oliver, County Tipperary. Steeplechasing at Warwick.

Feb. 4 (Tue.) Art Exhibitions: City of London Art Exhibition (to March 1 provisionally), Guildhall Art Gallery; Mr. Alan Pilkington's collection on show at Colnaghi's, 14 Old Bond Street, in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association (to 28th).

Feb. 5 (Wed.) First night: Sir John Gielgud in *The Potting Shed*, presented by the New Watergate Theatre Club at the Globe Theatre. Steeplechasing at Haydock Park.

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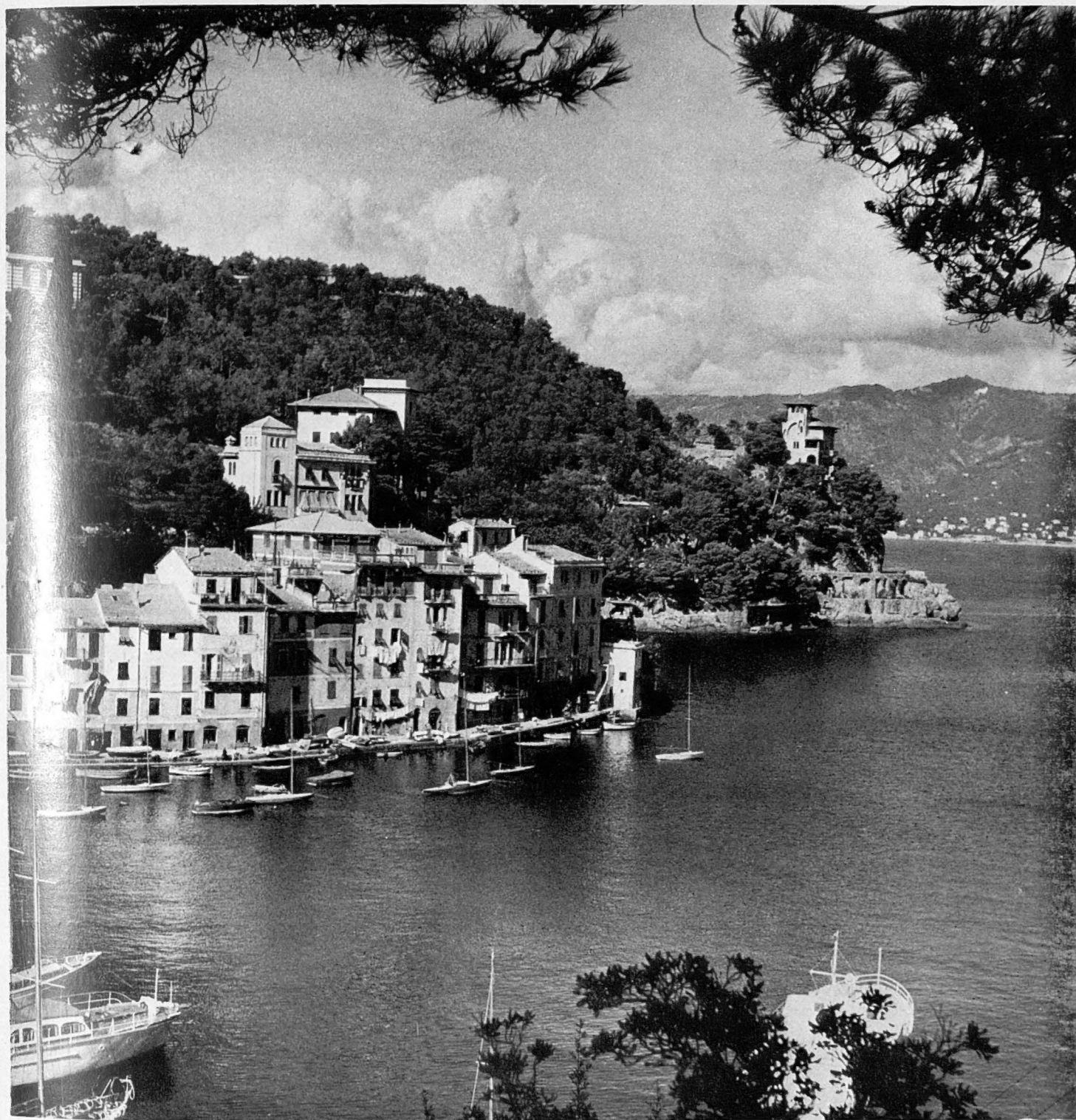
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TOURING THE CARIBBEAN

COUNTRESS MOUNT-BATTEN OF BURMA recently visited Nassau in the Bahamas, where she stayed as the guest of the Governor, H.E. Sir Raynor Arthur, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., and Lady Arthur, at Government House, where this photograph was taken. This was the first leg of Lady Mountbatten's Caribbean tour made for the St. John Ambulance Brigade



Social Journal

Jennifer

THE PLEASURES OF SWITZERLAND

As this is our Travel Number, I would first like to make a flashback to my recent brief Swiss visit, when I visited Gstaad, Grindelwald and Villars, all at the height of their Christmas holiday season, with an abundance of family parties about. Gstaad and Grindelwald, about both of which I wrote last week, I found enchanting in their own very different ways; Gstaad is much more sophisticated and cosmopolitan, with a delightful chalet colony. At the same time it is a popular resort for young people, and augmented by the girls' finishing schools and the famous boys' school Le Rosay, students at which all come here in the winter. The Gstaad Winter Palace and the Parc Hotel are two of the best hotels in this very gay resort, which has excellent ski-ing facilities.

Grindelwald in contrast is very unsophisticated, with a great number of British visitors, and ski-ing is practically the only topic of conversation—anyway at this time of year. Here, too, are a great variety of excellent ski-runs.

The "after-ski" life, too, is much more informal, but equally delightful. Here the very modern and luxurious Regina Hotel or the smaller and also very comfortable Barnhoff Hotel, both conveniently near the station, are excellent to stay at.

It was my first visit to Villars (my third port of call in eight days) and I found it one of the most pleasant places I have ever visited in Switzerland. It is also one of the sunniest spots in the Alps, on the side of Mount Chamossaire facing south on a plateau 4,000 ft. above sea level, with a superb view of the Alps and the Rhone Valley, though I never enjoyed this pleasure, as like everywhere else I had been, it snowed for the whole of my brief visit. There is a small electric cable railway from the centre of the village to take ski-ers up to Bretaye, which is at nearly 6,000 ft., and tele-skis from Bretaye up to Chamossaire, nearly 7,000 ft. up, while there are chair-lifts from Bretaye to the top of Petit-Chamossaire and Chaux-Ronde, as well as ski-lifts starting

from quite near the Palace and Parc Hotels to enable visitors to do the shorter runs.

There are of course excellent skating and curling rinks, and in the summer, when they have a very gay season here, there is a magnificent swimming pool and tennis courts. There are many really good hotels headed by the Villars Palace, and including the Hotel du Parc, Hotel Bellevue, and Hotel Marie-Louise. I stayed at the Villars Palace, which is the last word in comfort with an excellent cuisine, superbly run by Monsieur Genillard, known to visitors from all over the world.

ONE of the first people I met on arrival was Lady Blane who was one of the late Princess Marie Louise's ladies-in-waiting until H.H.'s death last year. Lady Blane has been a personality of Villars for many seasons, and runs this branch of the Ski Club of Great Britain with great efficiency.

Everyone with difficulties goes to her and she never fails to help them. Her daughter, Mrs. W. R. Tomkinson, who as Helen Blane skied for England before the war, was also out here with her family, Robert who is at Marlborough, the twins Diana and Virginia, and twelve-year-old David who will one day make a wonderful A.D.C., so helpful was he to his grandmother whom everyone relies upon to tell them what to do and where to go. Their young cousin Miss Bridgit Tomkinson, whose father, the late Lt.-Cdr. Ted Tomkinson, a double D.S.O., lost his life with submarines in the war, was also in the family party.

Another regular personality of Villars I saw was General Roger le Fleming, who runs the curling very efficiently. There was a large number of family parties, and among those I met during my short stay were Col. and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills with Andrew, who is in the Life Guards, Susan, a débutante last year, who was at school near Villars and skis well, and ten-year-old Marilyn. The Countess of

Mexborough, who was braving the elements and ski-ing in spite of heavy snow and wind, was accompanied by her sons Viscount Pollington and the Hon. Charles Savile when I met her up at Bretaye. The Marquess of Lothian had come out to spend part of the holidays with his elder son the Earl of Ancram who is at school here, and his eldest daughter Lady Mary Kerr, two most charming children who both ski well and were competing in the British Junior Ski Championships which took place during my visit. The Marchioness of Lothian, who gave birth to a second son in November, was at home with the baby and their three other daughters and hopes to join the party in Villars in February. Lord Lothian was also expecting his brother and sister-in-law, Lord and Lady John Kerr, and their three small sons to join him later this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Windsor Roe were out with a big family party including her sons Viscount Glenapp, the Hon. James Mackay, and her attractive teenage daughter Lady Lucinda Mackay who was also competing in the Junior Championships. Other families there included Mrs. Mason and her son Alexander who is at Aiglon College, Villars, Mrs. Spence and her son Christopher, a promising young skier, Mrs. Graham Nicoll and her daughter Elspeth, last year's Girls' Ski Champion, and a débutante this year, and her son John, Col. and Mrs. Hodges and their son Simon who came over for the championship from Gstaad, Brig. Norman and his son Peter who came over from Mürren, and Mr. and Mrs. Heald, who came on here from Gstaad for the championships with their daughter Tania, a member of the Marden Club at Davos. Her father, who is a member of the council of the S.C.G.B., is vice-president of the Marden Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Tulloch spent three weeks out here from their home in Dumfriesshire and brought their three elder children, Rosemarie, John who was racing in the championship, and Teddy. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Watts and their son Billy, another competitor in the championships, who had the misfortune to break a ski on the first day, were also here; Mr. Watts is private trainer to the Earl of Derby at Ascot. Sir Robert and Lady Barlow (Margaret Rawlings the fine actress) were out here with their young daughter Jane, but left just before I arrived.

Others enjoying Villars included Mrs. de Westenholz and her three children, Piers and Charles who both did well in the championships, and a twelve-year-old Antoinette who already has her Silver Ski, but was too young to compete as twelve years is the minimum age; also Mrs. R. Emery and her son Tony who is at Eton, Mr. and Mrs. Mabey and their four daughters who were in a chalet, and Mr. and Mrs. Watson who also had their four children with them in a chalet. Robin and Rosemary Watson both competed in the championships.

Also staying in Villars were Dr. Holmes Walker and his Swiss born wife. He is president of Villars' visitors, and his mother is out here staying in the chalet Sou le Vent with Miss Sherston Baker.

The most unfortunate visitor was Air Chief Marshal the Hon. Sir Ralph Hochrane, recently appointed President of the Ski Club of Great Britain, who came out here especially to see the British Junior Ski Championship, but less than twenty-four hours after his arrival was struck down with influenza, and therefore missed the whole event. He was accompanied by quiet and charming Air Chief Marshal Legard, vice-president of the Alpine Ski Club, which is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary at Grindelwald in March. He was present to watch the races. I could tell Sir Ralph all about them, as also did Lady Blane. I was at Bretaye on the second day, where competitors had to race over two different and difficult Slaloms with forty gates on each course, and a drop of 500 ft., in driving snow and wind.

The two outstanding young skiers in this year's championships were



PRINCESS AT OPERA

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA is seen above arriving at the Royal Opera House for the first London performance of the opera "The Carmelites" by the French composer Francis Poulenc. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent was also present



The Earl and Countess of Harewood were among the early arrivals



Miss Carol Gill with her father, Mr. George Gill



The Earl of Bessborough and Mme. de Margerie



Mr. Tom Mott and his wife (the singer Helga Mott)



Mr. Van Reis Hansen was with Lady Jean Rankin



Mr. P. Stirling, Mrs. A. D. M. Ross
and Miss H. Marsden-Smedley



The Libyan Ambassador, M.
Ali Sahli, awaits his guests



Lady Truscott was with Mr.
Basil Marsden-Smedley

Van Hallan

Libya's Independence Day was celebrated by a reception at its Embassy

fifteen-year-old John Rigby of the D.H.O. Club at Wengen who swept the board, winning the boys' championships and the two other main competitions, and fourteen-year-old Tania Heald of Marden, a very neat little skier who goes like a bomb! She not only became girls' junior champion and won the two other main events in connection with the championships, but also the championship for girls under fifteen. The championship for boys under fifteen was won by John Mason, with Charles Westenholz and Piers Westenholz second and third. Others who were prizewinners in the championship included Elspeth Nicoll who was going on, as was Tania Heald, to race at Adelboden, Wendy Farrington, Cynthia Petre, Anna Asheshow, Lady Lucinda Mackay, John Pirquet, Simon Hodgson, Alexander Sykes and John Tulloch.

There was a prizegiving for this event in the Palace Hotel after tea, and after dinner a dance for young people, also at the Palace; a very gay and enjoyable affair which went on until 1 a.m. Next day, with the snow still falling, I returned to England again travelling by Swissair—a wonderful journey of every comfort and kindness which began at Geneva Airport where their charming M. Cretton was there to see the plane off, and ended at London Airport where we touched down right on time, to be greeted by Mr. James Walker, another kind and charming personality of this airline.

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ONE keeps on hearing at this time of the year of friends just about to leave, or having left, on travels farther afield than Switzerland. Lord and Lady Rotherwick, for instance, who visited South Africa last year, sailed earlier this month on the Union-Castle Line's Warwick Castle. They are first making a tour of East Africa this year, and then, I heard, returning via South Africa.

Another member of Lord Rotherwick's family, Mr. Bernard Cayzer, has only recently returned from Cape Town where he went to direct and supervise many new improvements and alterations that are being made to the Mount Nelson Hotel there, which is owned by one of their shipping lines.

Also visiting South Africa are Sir Alexander and Lady Cadogan, Sir Tom and Lady Eastham, and the Hon. John Grimston, who has taken his attractive daughter Elisabeth with him. They are also visiting Rhodesia where Mr. Grimston and his brother Lord Verulam have mining and farming interests. I flew over some of their vast farmlands last year when I was in Southern Rhodesia.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills have gone out to Southern Rhodesia to visit his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lorne, who have a delightful house just outside Salisbury. Hannah Viscountess Hudson has also gone out to this part of the world to stay on their Charter Estate where the late Lord Hudson died last February.

Lord Ismay who had a sharp attack of pleurisy and pneumonia in November, sailed for the sunshine of the West Indies just before the New Year. He and Lady Ismay travelled by the French Line in the very luxurious and comfortable s.s. Flandre, which was on the first of four special French Line winter voyages to the West Indies. They were to call at Vigo, San Juan (Puerto Rico), Antigua, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira, Curaçao and Kingston (Jamaica), and then the ship goes on to Haiti and the Dominican Republic.

Sir Harold and Lady Parkinson, Dr. Gerald Hughes, J.P., and Lady Holden and her daughter Mrs. MacDonald were also among the passengers.

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, has also left for Jamaica to stay at Mrs. Cazalet Keir's house "Out Of The Blue." Lord and Lady Monson also chose the French Line to take them to Jamaica and travelled in the luxury liner Antilles on their way to Roundhill, Montego Bay. Mrs. Antony Norman, Mrs. Edward Barford, and Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates are others who have also left for their homes at Roundhill. They went via New York in one or other of the Cunard Line's famous Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth. From Ocho Rios, also in Jamaica, I hear that Lord and Lady Brownlow are spending the winter in their lovely home "Roaring River" where they have a succession of friends to stay. They, like many other friends in the district, went to the most enjoyable cocktail party which Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell always give at their beautiful home Prospect, Ocho Rios, on Christmas Eve.

Sir Harold Mitchell is a leading light in the order of St. John, and takes a tremendous practical interest in the work of the St. John Ambulance Brigade all over the West Indies. When Countess Mountbatten of Burma was in Jamaica this month on her tour of inspection on behalf of St. John's in Bermuda, the Bahamas and the West Indies, she stayed at Prospect and opened the new St. John H.Q. in Ocho Rios.



LORD DULVERTON (right) speaks to his
huntsman, Tom Nottingham, at the North
Cotswold Hunt's Batsford Park meet

F. H. Meads

It was rather amusing that three young couples, married around Christmas, chose Jamaica for part of their honeymoons, and were all in Ocho Rios around the New Year! They were Mr. David Liddell-Grainger and his bride, formerly Miss Anne Abel Smith, who had been lent the Earl and Countess of Mansfield's delightful house there; Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Loyd (she was Miss Joanna Smith Bingham) and the Hon. Keith and Mrs. Mason, the latter née Sarah Worthington-Evans. The four latter were all staying at Jamaica Inn.

The Earl and Countess of Airlie, the Earl of Carnarvon, Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne, who have a farm in Jamaica, Lord Ennisdale, Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, and Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey who all travelled in the Queen Elizabeth last week, were also all on their way to the Caribbean and West Indies. While Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochford and his attractive wife who were in the same ship,

told me the day before they sailed, when I met them lunching at Claridge's, that they were going to stay with friends in Kentucky and Florida.

Among friends who have chosen Nassau in the Bahamas for a holiday are the Earl of Dudley, who has property in the new Lyford Cay development, the Earl of Rosebery, who may perhaps postpone his trip if the hotel strike, which is still on as I write, has not been cleared up, the Dowager Viscountess Astor who has also bought land at Lyford Cay and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Williams. Nassau has been unlucky this winter, as before the hotel strikes, which seriously upset the tourist trade (the backbone of Nassau's economy), the island suffered its first real winter storms for years.

These did immeasurable damage, possibly because they blew up so suddenly. Among other disasters roofs were blown off, windows blown in and nearly fifty of the small working boats belonging to the traders between the islands, went to the bottom. It was, I hear, a

pathetic sight to see the owners—those who had survived—standing on the shore for hours looking at the remains, if any, of their battered and sunken boats, with all their worldly belongings floating on the water.

A fund has been opened to help these poor people of our Commonwealth, and if any readers who have enjoyed a visit to Nassau would like to send a donation, it will be very gratefully accepted by "The Out Island Squadron Relief Fund, Royal Bank of Canada, Nassau."

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THE Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra, who was looking very sophisticated and charming with her hair dressed into a chignon for the first time, were among the audience at the first English performance of *The Carmelites* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. This opera is very dramatic, portraying the tragedy of a nun during the French Revolution. The music is by Francis Poulenc, who was present at the first performance, and it has been produced by Margherita Wallmann. It was extremely well conducted by Raphael Kubelik. I personally did not enjoy the opera at all, but it caused a great amount of discussion in the intervals, which is always amusing, and I found some friends enjoying it enormously.

Among others in the audience that night were the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Diana Duff Cooper sitting in a box, with Sir Kenneth Clark and Sir John Rothenstein in the adjacent box. The Earl and Countess of Coventry, Lady Dashwood, the Earl and Countess of Harewood, Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, Lady Cohen, Mr. David Lloyd Lowles, Mr. Philip and the Hon. Mrs. de Zulueta, and the Earl and Countess of Abingdon. The latter who, as always, looked exceptionally chic, wearing a short white mink jacket over a black dress, took one of the special performance of *My Fair Lady* at Drury Lane on March 12 for which she is president. This is being given in aid of that very good cause Music Therapy for Hospital Patients. The price of tickets for this performance is not exorbitant, as it is for some charity functions, the top price being five guineas, and the cheapest five shillings. They can be obtained from Mr. H. J. Adams, 139 New Bond Street. The association organizing this special performance to raise money aims to bring music therapy into all long-stay hospitals. It has been found that this type of therapy undoubtedly helps the mentally sick by providing an outlet for their emotions, while those paralysed find place in the rhythm of music.

Following evening Princess Margaret was at the Royal Opera House, and accompanied by her lady-in-waiting the Hon. Iris Peake, Lord Alton and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bonham Carter, they sat in the stalls, instead of the Royal Box, which remained empty during the evening. H.R.H., who had come up from Sandringham for one night to see the Royal Ballet, formerly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, danced *Les Sylphides* and three new ballets in their repertoire, *The Ancestral*, *The Burrow* and *A Blue Rose*. This ballet company now goes on a spring provincial tour visiting Sutton, Norwich, Cambridge, Stroud and Avon, Wolverhampton, Bournemouth, Plymouth and Cardiff. The other Royal Ballet Company, formerly the Sadler's Wells Ballet, are at present on their fifth American tour and open their season at the Royal Opera House on February 19.

Austrian Ambassador, Dr. Johannes Schwarzenberg, was sitting in the stalls of Sadler's Wells Theatre on the opening night of *The Merry Widow*, presented by a very fine cast of the Sadler's Wells Opera. It is a very colourful and charming production by Charles Hickman. I, like everyone present, enjoyed it tremendously, and feel sure it will fill Sadler's Wells for many months.



A WEST END WEDDING

THE BRIDE and bridegroom, Miss Vivian Mary Baker and Mr. Richard Sewell (above) after their wedding at Our Lady of the Assumption, W.1. The reception was at the Hyde Park Hotel



Mrs. Ronald Read (left) talking to Mrs. Chauorth Musters and Lady Primrose



Mr. Michael Gordon-Jones, Mrs. R. M. Kennard and Lt. Col. Peter Franklin



Van Hallen

The bridal retinue included the Misses P. Baker, S. Tucker, M. Sewell, B. Baker, S. Buckland, and Charles Macpherson



Sir Gordon Touche, M.P., and Mrs. Donovan Touche



Eva Lady Touche was here with Mrs. John Blackwell



*The
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and
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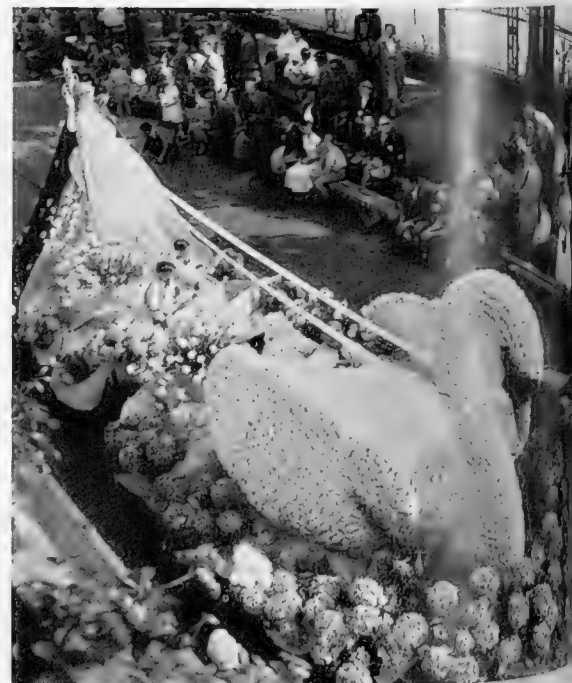
The fairy-tale castle on a rock built by Ludwig of Bavaria at Neuschwanstein in Germany

An Alpine view from Planachaux, which is reached by a cable railway from Champéry, Switzerland



Isola Pescatori, the Fisherman's Island, on Lake Lugano

Europe's Jewels —an Odyssey



The Narcissus Festival at Montreux is typical of many Continental galas



Baroquean group on Lac Maggiore, Italy

J. Allan Cash



Stone and water, old houses and modern sightseeing boats, in Amsterdam seen from the Flower Market

Sundrenched rocks, smooth sand and blue sea on the sub-tropical shores of Majorca at Cala San Vincente

THE CONTINENT of Europe, stretching as it does from frozen wastes to sub-tropical shores, and made up of many different countries, each with its own scenery, traditions and history, provides the holidaymaker with a bewildering number of attractions. For those who like to see as much as possible on their holidays, here are some famous beauty spots to visit on a round tour



Floats, fancy dress and a junketing spirit go to make up the Carnival in Malta



THE PRINCESS WAVED GOODBYE ON THE QUAY

NIGEL BUXTON recalls here some incidents that have highlighted journeys he has made to different parts of Europe, and discusses the reasons for his love of foreign travel



From its rich decorations, these evocative fragments of statuary remain in the Dionysos Theatre, Athens



A landmark of Burgos in Spain is the Arco de Santa Maria, here seen from the Puente de Santa Maria

I CANNOT tell the whole story of the Traveller and the Princess. The beginning I know, but not the end. The beginning was in Ischia last October. I found her at seven in the morning on the terrace in front of our hotel. We agreed that it was good to be up so early and we swam together out into the bay. When we had dressed again we asked a waiter to bring breakfast to us outside. We sat with coffee and rolls before us, and the tiles already warm beneath our bare feet, and planned how we would take a picnic and explore the hills.

But my visit to the island was already almost over. Two days later I took the boat for the mainland and the Princess waved goodbye from the quay. Now I am in London, and there is fog outside my window and she—well she is a long way off, but there seems no harm in pretending that the story has only begun and that we will meet as we promised to meet at the same time and in the same place next year.

Nor can I finish the tale of the man who believed that the earth was flat. I was sitting upon a hill overlooking the Aegean. It was early summer. Bees were working among the bushes and there was a scent of wild thyme in the air. I had brought my lunch with me. There was wine in a wicker-covered bottle, and bread and tomatoes and cheese. I was sitting on the ground with my back against a boulder when the man appeared. I did not see him come. One moment I was alone; the next he was standing only a few paces away. He was wearing a ragged shirt and a pair of trousers that had once been khaki but were now bleached almost white with age, and he had a beard.

We said "Good day," and I invited him to share my meal.

HE accepted some bread and a little wine but would take nothing else. Then, while I ate and drank, he talked. I cannot remember all he said, but it appeared that he had undergone some strange experience which had revealed to him an unsuspected level of consciousness and made him realize the insignificance of our visible three-dimensional world.

Half asleep, I was paying little attention until with a sudden intimation of danger I became aware that he was now postulating a situation in which I had died and he had been "appointed" to guide me elsewhere. I glanced at him quickly, but he was still squatting on his heels with his bony hands clasped between his knees and his wild eyes gazing out to sea. He was talking of the unimportance of earthly life.

The bottle was lying at my side. Grasping it by the neck, I got cautiously to my feet. The man stopped talking, and stared at me. "There's a stream down there," I said, gesturing with the bottle towards the gulley below the hill. "I'm going to fetch some water." After a moment of silence the man said, "When you come back I will tell you how I discovered that the earth is flat. Perhaps you shall even see for yourself." I said, "I won't be long," and set off down the slope. In a minute I began to run and did not stop until I came to some peasants resting in the shade of a tree.

LIKE most people who travel, I have in a drawer of my desk a handful of change. There are drachmae and lire and three kinds of francs. There are Austrian schillings and Spanish



The lovely view above is of the Rozenhoedkas in Bruges. Right, the picturesque fishing port of Collioures on the French Mediterranean coast, not far from Spain



centimes and two dusty halfpennies that I have never bothered to spend. Each time I go away I mean to take some of the coins with me. Usually I forget, and the collection is increased on my return.

As a store of foreign specie grows, so does my enjoyment of other people and other lands. It is not that all things in other countries are better; it is just that they are different, and in living differently one has the chance to escape for a while from one's ordinary, too-familiar self.

Yet this is not what everyone wants to do. Roughly speaking, there are two kinds of Englishmen abroad—those who are glad to encounter their fellow countrymen, and those who are not. The former are easily recognized. When motoring they sound their horns and wave at every car which bears a G.B. plate. In aeroplane and railway trains they talk to strangers. In hotels they quickly assume an intimacy with other English guests, and earn exchange confidences that would be unthinkable in Purley or S.W.3. By crossing the Channel they leap over the garden wall and are ready and eager to take all (English speaking) travellers to their hearts.

One reason for this overseas camaraderie is a natural desire to share something enjoyed, and thereby to increase one's own delight. The other comes from a persistent belief that south of Brighton Pier all Englishmen *ought* to stick together; that somewhere about Calais the jungle begins. Every traveller of this conviction is prepared to stand up for his national rights and prejudices to the last cup of tea. Every restaurant proprietor, hotel keeper and ice-cream seller is prepared (he knows) to do him down, and what pleasure may be derived from his holiday abroad will be won in spite of them.

Still, with nearly two million adventurers taking holidays abroad each year the word of enlightenment may spread. The day may even come when it is fashionable to renounce marmalade for breakfast in favour of strawberry or apricot jam. There must be some significance in the fact that it has become quite the thing for English Christmas cards to have greetings in French.

WITH the enormous increase in foreign travel perhaps another convention will also change. At present, most people who go abroad do so only between June and September, quite ignoring—or being ignorant of—the advantages of October and April and May. School holidays are partly responsible, I know; but habit of mind is equally to blame.

Not enough people realize what is happening as a result of this mass exodus during two or three months of the year. Hotels in the popular resorts of Europe (which means almost anywhere within three days comfortable driving of Boulogne) are often completely booked for next season before this season's visitors have left the beach. The "all-in" arrangements of the big agencies and tour operators are made at least a year in advance, leaving

the independent traveller pleading pitifully at the end of a queue.

So out with your maps. You can bathe comfortably in the Mediterranean in April. You can sunbathe on Capri in early May. You can take your pick of a thousand good hotels and be welcomed in all of them with open arms and a lower tariff. I have swum from the rocks at La Spezia in October and had the Academy in Venice to myself on the following day.

Make haste with those plans. Winter has almost gone and it is time to consider what can be done with two or three weeks and a handful of hoarded coins.



Ski-ing in the Summer Sunshine: A Scene on the Plateau Rosa above the rapidly developing Italian resort of Cervignia: There are few places in Europe where one can enjoy ski-ing in summer: one of them is at the base of the Matterhorn (or Monte Cervino). By air to Milan, via Alitalia, takes 2½ hours; one is then within striking distance of Lake Como and its wonderful scenery, La Scala opera house is almost at the door, and the mountain heights above Cervignia but an afternoon's ride away by coach. Plateau Rosa is reached by cable car from Cervignia, is over 10,000 feet up, and ski-ing can be enjoyed in brilliant sunshine. The hotels at Cervignia range from medium to de luxe, and the social life is brilliant and stimulating



ANTHONY CRASK writes about the numerous exciting possibilities that travel abroad provides for a wonderful holiday. Many holidaymakers will recognize the view (left) of the noble cathedral of Segovia rising over the city

A spotlight on the travel scene

AUSTRIA.—To many, Austria means the Tyrol with its mountains and Alpine walks; to others Vienna with its famous opera house. Yet these are but two facets. For there are the lakes of Carinthia, the River Danube with the thrill the sight of it gives to all who are seeing it for the first time, and there is Velden am Worthersee, an expensive bathing and yachting resort, that is so delightful that it is worth every penny. You can get all details and unstinted help from *The Austrian State Tourist Department*, 219 Regent Street, W.1.

BELGIUM.—Although Belgium has the advantage of being near to Britain, it has many other points in its favour also. It has long, sandy beaches, apt to be thronged by happy crowds, like that of Knokke-le Zoute with its casino, and there are quieter places such as Heist, for those who prefer a contemplative holiday. Inland go to Bruges, with its great religious fervour and its canals lined with willows, and, in spring, daffodils. *Belgian National Tourist Office*, 167 Regent Street, W.1.

FRANCE.—From the rocky grandeur of Brittany, the *plages* of Normandy, past the wine districts of Bordeaux to the Mediterranean South of Provence with its pleasure cities of Cannes and Nice, France is a second home to the British holiday-maker. Of more than usual interest, in a country overwhelmingly attractive, is the Bordeaux International Festival of Music and Dance in May; June sees the opening of the Burgundian Nights' Festival of theatre and music which takes place throughout the district. By July festivals abound. Music at Aix-en-Provence, dance at Aix-les-Bains, drama at Evian. In August

comes the festival of Basque traditions at Hendaye, and at Sainte-Anne-de-la-Palud in Finisterre, the Grand Pardon. Whether you want bathing on the casino'd *plages* of the Côte d'Azur or alone on secluded beaches of the Landes, the architectural beauties of Chartres or the gaiety of Paris, France will satisfy, and abundantly. *French Government Tourist Office*, 178 Piccadilly, W.1.

GERMANY.—Fine music is part of German life, and whether you go to Coblenz for the operatic festival on a floating stage on the Rhine in June, or later (August 11 to September 10) travel to Munich for international opera, you will not be disappointed. Munich, incidentally, is celebrating its eight hundredth anniversary this year with much merrymaking. The medieval city of Rothenburg re-enacts its historic survival with the picturesque ceremony of the "Meistertrunk" with everyone in medieval costume. Freiburg wine market occurs at the end of April to early May. *German Tourist Information Bureau*, 6 Zigo Street, W.1.

HOLLAND.—This country seems to grow year by year, so indefatigable are the Dutch in reclaiming land from the North Sea. The countryside seems flat to us, and we visit Holland for the golden beaches of Scheveningen and Noordwijk, for tulip time round Haarlem, for the old streets of Amsterdam, for historic Delft, for the new Rotterdam. The lakes of Friesland, where the bathing is safe and good for children, and of Western Holland provide good yachting. *Netherlands National Tourist Office*, 38 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7.

GREECE.—Greece can be divided up into three areas. Athens, the remainder of the country, and the islands. The fascinating exploration of the last is probably most easily arranged once you are in Greece since planned facilities and schedules are never too closely adhered to. A good *locale* for such voyages of discovery is Piraeus, the port of Athens. Athens, of course, brings to mind the Acropolis and the Parthenon and classical history and mythology. Its museums include the recently reopened Mycenae collection. Inland journeys to be taken will surely include some to Mount Olympus and Parnassus. The coast of Attica can be wonderful and it can be too warm for comfort in midsummer. Here the islands provide a fresh incentive to visit them. *Greek Information Office*, 24 Hyde Park Square, W.2.

ITALY.—Whether you bathe from the fashionable Lido at Venice or go to watch open-air opera in the arena in Rome, Italy will welcome you with all the extravagant pleasure of the Latin temperament. Florence, with its pale, calm light, cradles the art of Italy and of Europe; Naples, boisterous with good heart, is opera incarnate. Here in September are parades of ornamented cars, illuminated boats, fireworks and, of course, a Neapolitan song competition. In July and August, at Siena, is run the Palio, the horse race around the barricaded streets. On the Italian Riviera, a continuation of France's, is exhilarating bathing, while inland in Umbria, south in Calabria, can be found breathtaking scenery, and surprisingly, after the crowds encountered elsewhere, solitude—if you want such a thing on a vacation. *Italian State Tourist Department*, 201 Regent Street, W.1.

PORTUGAL.—Though not an inexpensive country, Portugal is most attractive. Britons have always been drawn to it, and its ties with these islands have stood firm over many centuries. Lisbon is a pleasant cosmopolitan capital well served by international airlines, including Portuguese Airways. The Royal Mail Line and other companies run steamer services. The beaches of Portugal are justly famed, and the most extensive, Caparica, can be reached by crossing the Tagus in a



The perfection of leisure: at the cafe tables before the facade of San Marco, Venice

Sibenik is a large port about half-way down the Adriatic coast of Yugoslavia which has much of interest to offer the tourist, including a fine cathedral



ferry from Lisbon. Also close to the capital are Estoril and Cascais, both fashionable and popular. In contrast to this luxury is the desolate and beautiful countryside of the north, such as the Estrela Mountains. In the south, in Algarve, are lovely orchards and luxuriant groves and flowers. Portuguese State Office, 20 Regent Street, W.1.

AIN.—Spain, like Austria, has the reputation of still being cheap for the tourist, though it has hotels which are as expensive and luxurious as any you would wish to find. The northern coast provides escape from crowds with a rocky sea-coast and small, pleasant towns. The midland region is rich in history: Burgos with its magnificent cathedral; Seville with the great aqueduct which stands as a monument to Roman skill; Toledo, Pamplona—the name rings heraldically. Still there is Andalusia in the south, and the long Mediterranean coast with its series of now famous beaches. Nor should the capital be omitted; it holds its wonderful Spring Fair from April 18 to 23. Cordoba has its festival in May and June, Pamplona its famous bull-run fair in July, while in August Santander has regattas, bullfights and sporting events. Spanish National Tourist Office, 70 Regent Street, S.W.1.

SWITZERLAND.—Many people think of Switzerland only as a place for a winter holiday, but others are aware of the charm of the country in its summer clothing. The flower-filled fields, the trees in blossom or bearing fruit are seen to perfection against the backdrop of the mountains in all their grandeur. May finds the narrow fields bright around Vevey; June sees the Geneva festival of flowers. Other gaieties are the International Yachting Regatta Week at St. Moritz from July 27 to August 3, and the Montreux September Music Festival. Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, W.C.2.

YUGOSLAVIA.—Here East and West, new and old, meet. This country is extremely tourist-conscious and wishes to encourage western visitors. It gives, therefore, good value for money. In any case its indented coastline and the thousand islands off-shore, offering every kind of holiday facility from the expensive to the basic and less than basic, can provide the kind of vacation, relaxed and away from fuss, on warm, sandy beaches all to oneself, that is difficult to find elsewhere these days. And for the less sybaritic are architectural treasures like Diocletian's Palace in Split or the unrivalled baroque exuberance in Dubrovnik. To reach Yugoslavia there is the Simplon-Orient Express, various air routes or, by going to Venice, you can connect with a fast steamship service to the Yugoslavian coast. Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, W.1.

DENMARK.—The Danes do not go in for festivals, believing (and who, after a visit, could fail to agree?) that their delightful country itself provides sufficient pleasure for all tastes. Bathing beaches, old quays, castles, pleasant country aspects, yachting, fishing, the sights of Copenhagen, the perfection of Amalienborg Square—these combine with cheap hotels, good food, and plentiful sunshine to provide memorable vacations. The United Steamship Co. runs good Harwich to Esbjerg services, London Airport to Kastrup daily by S.A.S. and B.E.A. Danish Tourist Bureau, 71 Piccadilly, W.1.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.—Norway gains benefits from the Gulf Stream. Oslo Fjord can be as comfortable as anywhere in Europe for swimming, while the spring blossom on the fruit trees is as plentiful as in Normandy. Oslo is full of gay night spots and good restaurants where typical Norwegian food can be eaten, while on the North Sea is Hanseatic Bergen. Sweden is a country which almost demands an open-air approach, though again Stockholm, over seven hundred years old, is as gracious and pleasing as only a medieval town can be. The sea about the capital is perfect for yachting, while inland, bathing, walking, fishing and hunting can be had. Norway Travel Association, 20 Pall Mall, S.W.1. Swedish Travel Bureau, 7 Conduit Street, W.1.



Dressed in costume for the Meistertrunk festival in Rothenburg

SOUTH AFRICA.—Air travel has practically made South Africa an adjunct of Europe these days, and those who visit the country never regret it. Natal, the Garden Province, has many attractions, including the country's principal race meeting, "The July," on Greyville race-course in Durban. Another occasion is the Shembe Festival in the same month when thousands of Zulus dance in tribal dress. Margate, a popular resort, holds an annual hibiscus festival. Cape Province is more circumspect, yet its fishing, bathing, surfing and other sports are as good as any in S.A., while it possesses the unforgettable Table Mountain to gaze at. The central area has the diamond and gold mines that have enriched the world; it is also one of the important agricultural areas in South Africa. Besides all this there is the Transvaal, the heart of the Union, incorporating the fabulous Witwatersrand, the wild coast of Transkei on the Indian Ocean and the Garden Route, also garlanding the Indian Ocean. South African Tourist Corporation, 70 Piccadilly, W.1.

With the wide expanse of the Indian Ocean to bathe in, holidaymakers enjoy the luxury of Central Beach, Durban





*The
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and
Bystander,
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*Turkish coffee being served (above)
in Istanbul and (right) the M.S.
Meteor of the Bergen Line in Yalta*



The lure of blue water

ARTHUR BOWERMAN, LTD.—Today many prefer to travel by cargo freighter. It is cheaper, the smaller number of passengers is welcomed by many, and the unscheduled voyages are often found to be more absorbing. This company has specialized in this form of travel, and has many interesting cruises to offer. Very good value for the money are the three months round journeys to West Africa by the Hanseatic Africa Line, during which calls may be made at as many as twenty-eight ports to pick up and unload cargo. The cost is from £195.

If you have between 3½ and 4 months free, India, Pakistan and Ceylon could be visited. The ships are modern, of 10,000 tons and call at Port Said, Suez, Aden, Colombo, Madras, Rangoon and many another port. There might be a three week stop-over at Calcutta when passengers must pay their own expenses. Another long voyage of 9-10 weeks is to the Gulf of Mexico with stops at Coatzacoalcas, Tampico, Houston and New Orleans. Fares, London to London, are £210.

BERGEN LINE.—Many fascinating cruises are undertaken by the Bergen Line's Meteor since, being of shallow draught, she is able to operate in coastal waters, close in to shore. In May, leaving Harwich the Meteor goes by way of Hamburg through the Kiel Canal to Stockholm, calls at Copenhagen and Oslo and then on to Bergen for the festival on June 5. Fares range from £216 to £80. Then in August comes the Northern Capitals cruise, touching at, among other places, Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsinki, Leningrad with an excursion to Moscow, Gdynia with a visit to Warsaw, and then through the Kiel Canal to Harwich. The fares are from £345 to £130.

E. H. MUNDY (Home and Hamburg-America).—These lines offer many cruises to places as far afield as Spitzbergen in the north to the Caribbean in the west. In March comes the Grand Orient Cruise, going to Venice, Cyprus, through the Dardanelles, cruising in the Bosphorus, then Palermo and Genoa. A fortnight's holiday in June from the seventh would be well spent travelling from Genoa by way of

Gibraltar to Casablanca, Tenerife, Las Palmas, Madeira, Lisbon and ending at Hamburg. Or perhaps a cruise which, leaving Cuxhaven, takes in Iceland, Spitzbergen, North Cape and the coast of Norway, and back to Cuxhaven. All these are taken in S.S. Ariadne, newly acquired by the Hamburg-America. An early spring cruise which floats you into midsummer is run by the Home Lines. Leaving New York, it takes you into the heart of the Caribbean to San Juan in Puerto Rico, St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, Curaçao, off the northern borders of South America, Jamaica and Havana in Cuba where two nights are spent.

P. & O.—Is there anywhere that P. & O. do not cruise to? Venice or Barcelona, Lisbon or Naples or Cannes, Genoa and Casablanca, and farther afield to Bermuda—ever more popular—Madeira and Tenerife, both of which see great numbers of British visitors on winter vacations as well as summer, and for the first time New York. The first New York visit starts on May 31, calling at Madeira on the way out and, after reaching the city on June 10, returns by way of Bermuda to London. The first class fares range from £313 to £142; the tourist from £126 to £71. A crowded three weeks can be spent voyaging to Helsinki, by way of Copenhagen and Stockholm, and returning by way of Bergen, Aandalsnes and Hamburg to Southampton from August 2. Prices are similar to the New York trip.

UNION CASTLE.—Although normally the Union Castle Line vessels are fully engaged in their round Africa voyages, this year the Rhodesia Castle will complete two cruises, calling at Malaga, Gibraltar, Casablanca and Lisbon, the first from London on July 16, the second from Southampton on July 28. The cost in this comfortable one-class vessel ranges from £120 to £70 a berth.

OTHER LINES.—Other lines which offer fast, comfortable and frequent services to various parts of the world include the Orient Line to Australia, U.S.A. and Canada; the Swedish Lloyd Steamship Co. to Scandinavia, and the Cunard Line and the Holland-America Line to America, where the £100 traveller's allowance may now be spent.

An idyllic scene in Jamaica—a point of call for the French Line's luxury West Indian cruises—on the fine north coast

Among the many ways of passing the time aboard a cruise ship, one of the most popular and traditional is deck quoits





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A. V. S.

FERNIE HUNT BALL

THE FERNIE HUNT BALL, which was held at Dingley Hall, near Market Harborough, the home of Capt. Bertram Currie, was attended by about three hundred people. Above: Mr. Ewen Macpherson with Lady Gillian Floyd at the ball

Standing: Major J. Scott-Hopkins and Major David Hargreaves. Sitting: Mrs. Hargreaves, Capt. Bertram Currie, joint-Master of the Fernie, Lady Moir, Mrs. J. Scott-Hopkins, Mrs. Thwaites, Major Peter Thwaites, Mrs. Bertram Currie and Capt. Robin Gillilan, joint-Master



Miss Mary Stockdale was with Mr. Julian de Lisle



Lord and Lady Edward Fitzroy were among the dancers



Mr. William McAlpine, Miss Jill Benton Jones, Miss Joanna Vanderfelt and Mr. Charles Stephenson

Mrs. Robin Murray-Philipson with Viscount and Viscountess Stormont

Miss Althea Murray-Philipson partnered by Mr. Philip Bryant

Mrs. McCorquodale, Mr. Robin Murray-Philipson, Mr. Euan McCorquodale





*The Earl of Ancrum and
Tony Emerson*

*Viscount Pollington and the
Countess of Mexborough*

*Wing Commander and Mrs.
Frederick Newall*

*Lady Mary Kerr on the slopes
with Mr. David Power*



*Mrs. Leslie Culverwell with her children
Katrina, Bridget and Geoffrey*

Priscilla in Paris

A CLEAN SWEEP HERALDS THE SPRING

MOUNDS of filmy, suavely coloured lingerie covered the counters, the more violent hues of richly striped towelling hung from above without visible means of support, towering piles of sheets: shell-pink, pale blue, *eau de Nil*, primrose and even orange were neatly packed into every available space. From the gilt-railinged galleries that rose from the main floor to the glittering glass dome of the roof a thousand brilliant lights beat down on an orgy of colour variegated from the most tender pastel shades to the flaunting reds and greens and yellows, splashed with black, of "beach wear". . . .

Hundreds of women milled about between the stalls and counters, exclaiming, snatching, arguing and pushing while dozens of haggard sales-girls tried to answer twenty questions in one. Pandemonium reigned. The scene was both gorgeous and garish, an outrage to the nerves, exasperating to contemplate and dazzlingly cruel to the naked eye; one longed for sun-glasses. A man stood a little apart from the turmoil backed against the balustrade of an escalator. It seemed probable that he had been bullied into this shopping expedition by his mutt-like wife. He was pale and somewhat shaken. "Good heavens!" he whispered huskily, "so this is what they call "a WHITE sale?"

CONSTERNATION in the hearts of old Parisians and also in the day's round of the cinema world. "Fouquet's" is closed. Happily it is only a temporary mishap. The famous restaurant-grill-room-bar (where one gets the best club sandwiches in Paris) is closed for renovation. To old Parisians "Fouquet's" is a rendezvous where they are wont to gather for the evening aperitif before dining in the grill room or on the softly lamplit first floor with its gay window boxes overlooking the Champs Elysées and

the avenue George V. It is also the happy resort of the younger generation, but of recent years, between midday and two o'clock it is, above all, the cinema mart of Paris. Starlets of both sexes abound, producers rub elbows, contracts are signed and millions exchange hands.

Habitues are glad to learn that no real changes are envisaged. The "renovations" are really only the renewals that they are supposed to be. The sombre mahogany that darkened the ground floor rooms will be replaced by cherrywood and the dust of half a century will be removed from paintwork and ceilings. By March, when the trees of the avenue are burgeoning, the little tables of the *terrasse* will be set out on the sidewalk again, and perhaps the cinema world will have drifted elsewhere.

With its snack-bars, quick lunch counters, off-the-peg dress shops, cinemas and double—at some point triple—rows of parked cars, the avenue des Champs Elysées is no longer the elegant thoroughfare of which the town was once so proud. It still lacks the pictorial electric advertisements that delight the multitude, but they will come, for it is fast becoming the Broadway of Paris.



*Miss Susan Wills on holiday at
Villars*

THE City Fathers appear to be planning a grand clean up to welcome our Spring visitors. The plumed fountains of the Rond-Point are to be replaced by luminous bowls of modern design and the all-too apparent pipes and water conduits that have shocked our aestheticism so long will be hidden from view.

Under the heading of a grand "clean up" perhaps it is not very polite to include the fact that, little by little, pleasant young women are taking the place of masculine bus conductors. It seems that it becomes more and more difficult to find lads who are willing to forgo the Sunday football



Tony Walton with his sons Malcolm and Graham Walton

Brodrick Haldane

match for the pleasure of punching tickets. I sympathize, but a blessing it is that, as yet, there are no famous female football teams to arouse the enthusiasm of their sisters. I have one small criticism to make. Instead of new, natty attire for the ladies—who look charming in their forage caps—it seems as if the men's uniforms, so far as the coats go, are being made over for them. It is regrettable that the City Fathers evidently do not think that trousers are seemly; skirts, quite definitely, are to be retained. Perhaps Paris is to have its own little discussion about kilts versus trousers!

STAGE theatres are again in normal running order. Long may this last, but strikes being very much *de rigueur* in this lovely country one always feels a little anxious when one sets out to find pleasure behind the footlights. One evening this week, however, the audience at the comédie Française enjoyed a double measure of entertainment. Henri de Montherlant's magnificent play *Port-Royal* held the stage, but during the intermissions Mme. Cécile Sorel—in private life the Comtesse de Ségur—held our attention in the auditorium and foyer. Mme. Sorel, who is now well past the middle of her eighth decade, was once a superb caryatid of the comédie Française. Not, perhaps, that she was ever a very subtle actress, she was too gorgeous, too given to overact . . . but she was an unforgettable and extraordinary Presence! The *grande coquette* of all times.

HER exuberance was tremendous, and no one who was present will ever forget her tempestuous entrance at a performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* when, miscalculating the length and impetuosity of her stride, she shot over the footlights and landed in the stalls. It happened in the flash of a moment and she was back on the stage almost before one realized what had occurred. Nobody laughed. The house was awed. At the end of the act she was recalled again and again. This, of course, was a long, long time ago! Since her retirement from the stage Mme. Sorel has entered the lay order of Saint-Françoise d'Assise of which she invariably wears the habit. In her long, sweeping robe of pale fawn voile, with the medal of Saint Francis hung from a blue riband on her breast, her starched, white muslin coiffe hiding her hair under the strange, wide-winged head-dress that reminds one of an Alsatian "bonnet," she is a striking and, indeed, a theatrical figure.



YOUNG SKIERS AT VILLARS

THE JUNIOR BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS, held above Villars, were strongly contested by young enthusiasts. The new girl ski champion is Miss Tania Heald (above) who won two events



The Marquess of Lothian, whose children competed

Miss Ann Philipp, Mr. Elliot Philipp, Mr. N. McCormick



Lady Lucinda Mackay, daughter of the Earl of Inchcape

Mrs. William Tomkinson with Diana and Virginia



At the Theatre

THE FIRST ANTI-WAR PLAY

Anthony Cookman

IN making up a party for the *Lysistrata* at the Royal Court (or later next month at the Duke of York's) there are sensible reasons for choosing your guests with particular care. The jokes about sex are "as broad as ten thousand beeves at pasture," and it is hardly possible to mistake their meaning. Some people cannot abide such jokes. It does no good to point out that in usage they are as popular today as they were when Aristophanes breathed new life into them round about 412 B.C. A distaste for them is to be understood. On the other hand you will have no difficulty in making up the party from those who do not doubt that there is a respectable case for doing this notorious comedy on the public stage.

Schoolboys who have to be taught why Aristophanes is reputed the prince of comedians are put through the *Birds*, the *Frogs* and the *Plutus*. Very properly, they are kept away from the story of the women who come to the comic resolution that if men will not give up making war they will give up making love and see what happens then.

It is not only the first anti-war play ever written. It is also, from one point of view, the most effective. Although it could do nothing to stop the Twenty Years War amidst which it was written, and seven years after its appearance Athens was destroyed, it

approached its subject in a way that remains permanently effective. It does not argue with war-mongers on their own melodramatic terms. It uses laughter to make sex look serious and the warlike spirit stupendously dull.

The nature of Aristophanes's arguments and the breadth and boldness of his laughter have kept the play off the public stage except in versions so filleted by the censor that little of its real quality remained. The moral temper of Victorian and Edwardian times has changed, and the policy of the censor, fortunately, has changed with it.

IN this adaptation of the *Lysistrata* Mr. Dudley Fitt, professor of Greek at Yale University, has not considered it part of his duty to expurgate Aristophanes, and the Lord Chamberlain, assuming an adult theatre, has not considered it part of his duty to expurgate the translation. The result is that this production—coming like so many other good things from Mr. Frank Hauser's Oxford Playhouse to the Royal Court and now on its way to the West End—gets as near, humanly speaking, as we are ever likely to get to the uninhibited spirit of the original.

Of course, there are reservations to be made. The director, Mr. Minos Volanakis is himself a Greek, and he has tried hard to catch not just the bawdry of the old play, but something of its Attic pungency. Where he comes nearest to success is in the choral interludes. Harsh wailing songs and swaying ritual dances based on those of modern Greece do, in spite of their being too often unduly prolonged, pointedly suggest what the comedy is all about. But however intelligently the Greek bite is sought, it is bound to be a little softened by the instinctive wishings of modern refinement, and there is always the difficulty of the actors who (the men, in this instance, rather than the women) remain obstinately English.

THESE reservations do not imply, however, that the whole thing adds up to no more than a well-dressed charade. Mr. Volanakis and his company put the joke across with unflagging high spirits, and it is a joke which in some of its most indestructible developments is warranted to make a cat laugh.

Personally I much enjoyed Miss Joan Greenwood's *Lysistrata*—an intensely feline creature with all its worldly experience of human nature mockingly belied in its grace notes of utter innocence, though I agree that her charmingly playful interpretation does not sufficiently knit itself into the character of the dominating woman who has the great final speech on peace to make. But when *Lysistrata* is inducing the women to seize the Treasury and abandon their husbands and lovers till they in turn abandon their insensate passion for fighting Miss Greenwood is delightful, and even more delightful in the much better scene in which the feminist leader realizes that it is one thing to get her women to take an oath and quite another to make them stick to it. And Miss Natasha Parry and Mr. Gary Raymond make no sort of mistake in their handling of the irresistibly funny episode of the woman teasing and then cheating her husband until the overwrought man is carried away on a shield a nervous wreck. The pink and ochre set is a gracefully impudent comment on the joke it coolly houses.

"LYSISTRATA" (Royal Court). As the leader of the women, *Lysistrata* (Joan Greenwood) incites her followers to refuse their affections to their husbands, despite their own powerful inclinations, unless the men agree to cease playing at war. This cruelty seems to the men highly unethical, but their attempts to persuade the ladies of this are unavailing. Drawings by Glan Williams

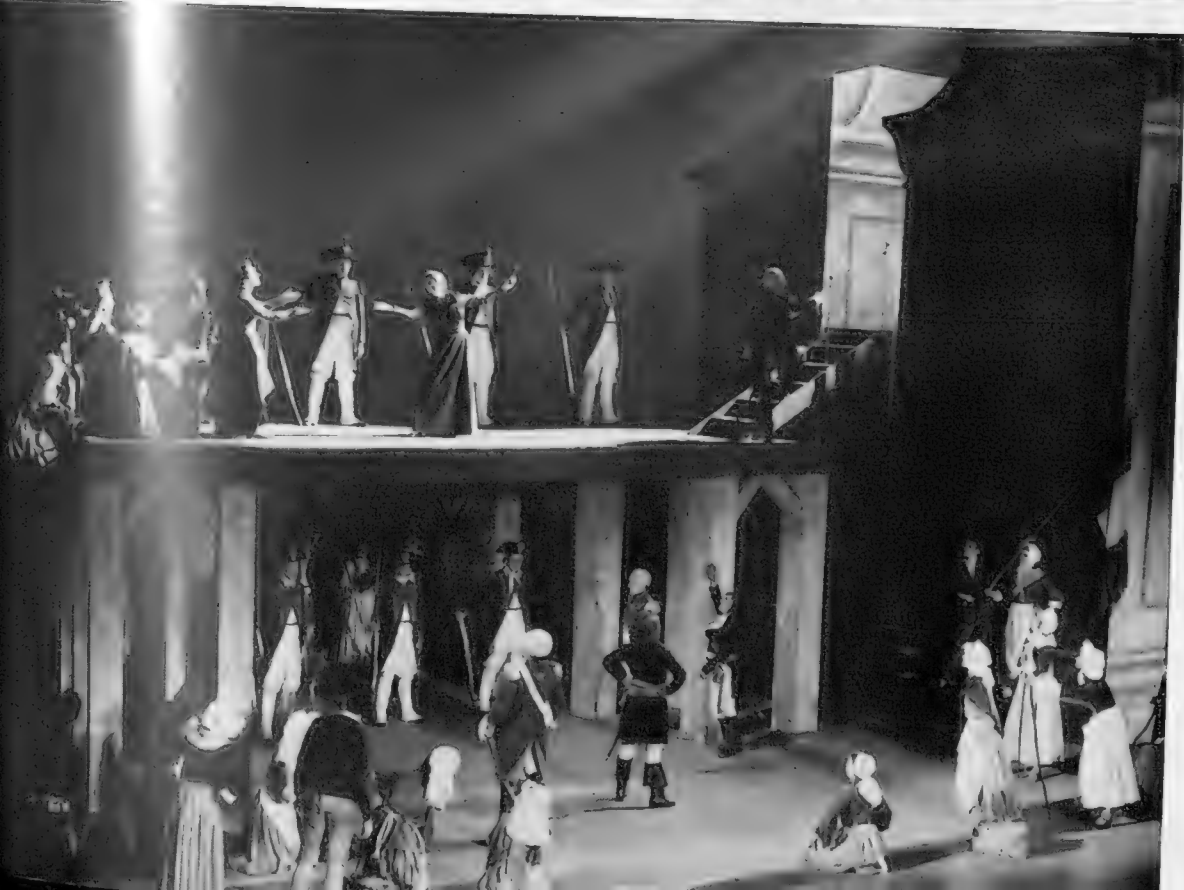


The leader of the Greek chorus (Margo Cunningham) remonstrates with the Magistrate (George Benson)



A delightful "Merry Widow"

A NEW production of Lehar's perennially fresh operetta *The Merry Widow* was presented recently at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. The title rôle was taken by Miss June Bronhill (right) an Austrian singer. This presentation, which was produced by Charles Hickman, the theatrical director for the Sadler's Wells Opera Company, was the first of this work by any British company.



M. Poulenc's first opera

BASED on a libretto of George Bernanos, *The Carmelites* is the first opera the French composer, Francis Poulenc, has written. It tells the story of a nun who, when she is sentenced to death, renounces her faith. In our picture this nun, Sister Blanche (Elsie Morison), her faith regained through the prayers of Sister Constance (Jeannette Sinclair), is seen following the latter to the insatiable guillotine.



Mr. Martin Atchley, Miss Elizabeth Glover, Mr. John Dayer and Miss Marjory Edmonds

HUNT BALL AT A CASTLE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

THE BERKELEY HUNT BALL was held at Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire, by invitation of Capt. R. G. W. Berkeley, M.F.H. This great castle, which stands today little changed since the reign of Edward III, and which has been in the hands of the Berkeley family since it was first built in the twelfth century, provided a magnificent setting for the ball. Dancing took place in the Great Hall, which looked out on to a floodlit courtyard through windows bearing the arms of former holders of the castle. The seven hundred guests brought added light and colour to all the great rooms and galleries which were thrown open for the occasion of the ball.

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The Duke of Beaufort with Mrs. Brian Davidson



Capt. R. G. W. Berkeley, M.F.H., and the Duchess of Beaufort

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Marsh, Miss Heather Turner Laing and Mr. James Thomas





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*Mr. John Turnbull, Miss Angela Blackborow
and Mr. Harold Blackborow*



*Mr. Dominic Craven and Mrs. Craven were among the
guests at this memorable hunt ball*



*Mrs. I. Rogers with Mr. R. Gibbs in one
of the historic rooms*

*Miss Zia Foxwell, who is a 1958 debutante, with
Mr. Dominic Barrington-Brown*



*Miss Zia Foxwell with
Mr. Dominic Barrington-Brown*



A. V. Swaebe

At the Pictures

THE NEVER NEVER LAND

WHEN I was a little girl a dear unworldly old gentleman from California told me that the future moral and spiritual leaders of the human race were at that time being born in his home state. Beautiful babies they were, he said—and, reared in the sunshine on a diet of salads and citrus fruit, they would grow up to be exceptionally beautiful men and women, physically without blemish and pure in heart and mind: their blameless lives would be a lesson to the rest of us and point us on the way to higher things.

Whatever became of these paragons? There is certainly not one of them to be seen in *No Down Payment*—a disturbing film, admirably directed by Mr. Martin Ritt, about a housing development estate known as Sunrise Valley in California. The hideous, modern, glass-walled bungalows are equipped with every modern convenience—from a deep-freeze in the kitchen to a television set in the parlour—and offer as much privacy as a goldfish-bowl. The people living in them are a harassed lot, struggling all the time to keep up with the neighbours and the hire-purchase payments and periodically drowning their anxieties in alcohol.

The film concentrates on four young couples occupying adjoining hutches on the estate. Mr. Jeffrey Hunter is an electronics engineer whose pretty wife, Miss Patricia Owens, believes he could make more money as a salesman. One can't quite see why, as Mr. Tony Randall, who is a salesman (of used cars), rarely makes anything: "We're only twenty-five years in

ZSA ZSA GABOR, every man's idea of the beautiful foreign spy, a *femme fatale* wrapped in mystery and dark doings, plays just that role to perfection in *The Man Who Wouldn't Talk*



ANNA NEAGLE, counsel for the defence, consults her junior, David Aylmer, during the trial of an American (Anthony Quayle) accused of murdering his bride (Zsa Zsa Gabor) in the mystery film *The Man Who Wouldn't Talk*

debt," he boasts after a few large Martinis—and his worried wife, Miss Sheree North, wonders where the next dollar is to come from.

Mr. Cameron Mitchell, married to a good-natured trollop from Tennessee (Miss Joanne Woodward, giving an excellent performance), works in a garage, broods over a collection of blood-stained trophies from the war which gave him the happiest time of his life, and aspires to the job of local chief of police.

Nobody bothers much what happens to anybody else—they are all too busy getting and spending. It takes a case of rape and Mr. Mitchell's death in particularly gruesome circumstances to remind them that they owe a debt to the community as well as to the hire-purchase. The contrived ending, all sweetness and light, is unpersuasive: there's really not much hope for the people of Sunrise Valley—which appears to me to be a sort of vast, hygienic debtors' prison. It's an "X" Certificate film.

MR. MICHAEL ANDERSON, who directed *Round the World in 80 Days*, has introduced some good shock effects in *Chase A Crooked Shadow*—a somewhat improbable thriller that might just as well have been called "Round the Bend in 36 Hours." Miss Anne Baxter, a diamond heiress, is driven frantic when Mr. Richard Todd arrives at her villa on the Costa Brava claiming to be her brother—who, she declares, was killed in a racing-car accident in South Africa twelve months earlier.

What are Mr. Todd and his poker-faced companion, Miss Faith Brook, up to? Are they after Miss Baxter's money? If Mr. Todd is not her brother, as the local police chief (Mr. Herbert Lom) suspects, why does her uncle (Mr. Alexander Knox) identify him as such? Is he in on a conspiracy to have Miss Baxter certified? I have promised Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the producer, not to give you the answers to these questions—but I don't mind telling you that I found the denouement a complete let-down.

Elvis Presley is surlier and, if possible, less couth than ever in *House Rock*—a film I could well do without. Jailed for his daughter, he scores a slight success as a singer with his convict's—a captive audience if ever there was one. On release, he decides to make singing (if you can call it that) his career. A nice girl, Miss Judy Tyler, helps him.

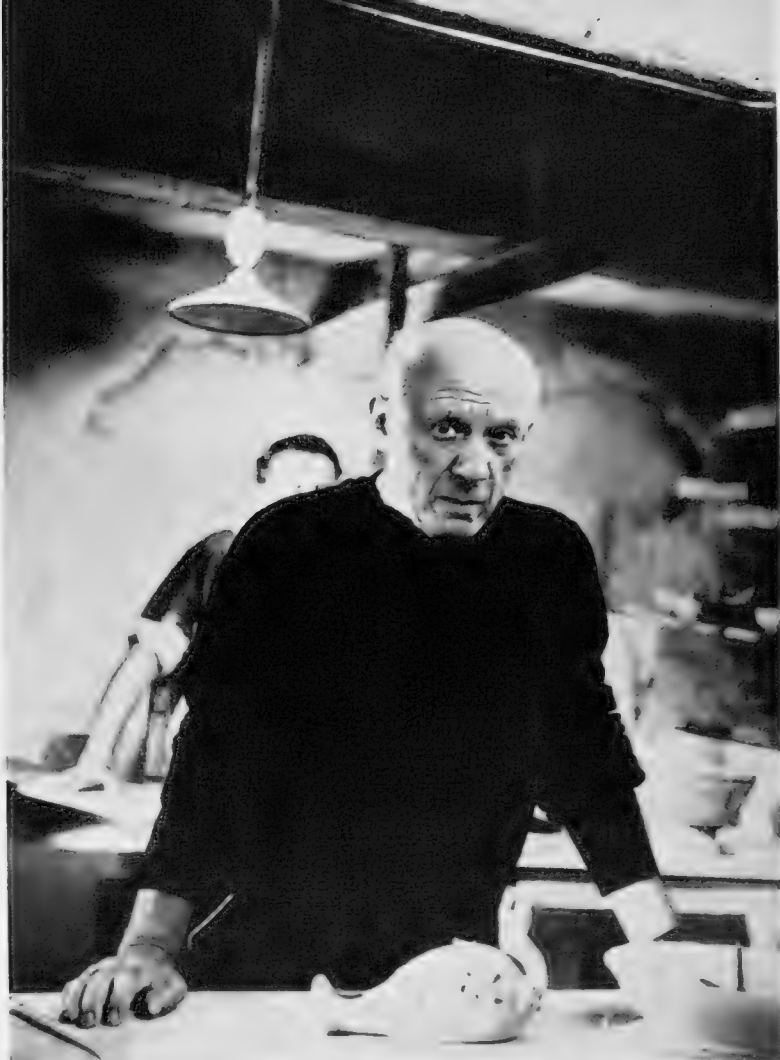
Mostly aggrieved one-time cell-mate, Mr. Mickey Shaughnessy, lets Mr. Presley up—injuring the jiggling songbird's valuable larynx. For one blissful moment it looks as if Mr. Presley will never sing again. The surgeon who enables him to do so I regard as an anti-social busybody. Still, let us look on the bright side: the film shows Mr. Presley in such an unfavourable light that it just might destroy his popularity and send him back to back-driving.

The funniest film I have seen for a long time is *The Man Who Wouldn't Talk*. Mr. Anthony Quayle, an American virologist, and Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor, a secret agent, arrive in London to keep a top-secret appointment with a Hungarian scientist on the Underground platform at Victoria Station. Miss Gabor wears a low-cut black gown with a stunning diamond clip and is so conspicuous that it's no wonder the meeting is watched by spies of all nations.

The scientist gives them the alarming news that he has developed a form of myxomatosis capable of killing off humans like rabbits. While pondering on this interesting piece of information at their hotel, Mr. Quayle accidentally shoots Miss Gabor. He is charged with murder. Miss Anna Neagle, Q.C., undertakes his defence. He is unco-operative—just won't talk—but, by putting in a little smart detective work which Scotland Yard had failed to do and briskly brow-beating a perjured witness, Miss Neagle secures an acquittal. And that's that. Not another word about myxomatosis, not a sign from the vigilant spies or the U.S. Secret Service chaps scattered about the West End, not the slightest suggestion that the scientist has thought better of unleashing a plague upon us. The screenplay is by Mr. Edgar Lustgarten, who may know all about legal procedure but, on this showing, very little about what makes a convincing film.

In *The Picasso Mystery*, a spell-binding picture of genius at work, Picasso emerges as a great film star, with mocking, hypnotic eyes. He draws with godlike ease, paints with passion, comments on his work with dry humour. He is a showman you must see.

—Elsbeth Grant



PICASSO is the magnetic focus of *The Picasso Mystery*, a film which shows this many-faceted genius at work, and which throws light on his unique and fiercely creative personality



INGEBORG SCHOENER talks to a fisherman at Portofino while on location at this harbour filming *It Happened In Rome*



Mr. Peter Cresswell and Miss Susan Dowding



Miss Sandra Farley, Miss Angela Farley, Mr. Brian Peerless and Miss Cherry Lafone

TO AID THE CHILDREN

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S BALL was held at Londonderry House by the Junior Branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Above: Sir Mark Palmer, Bt., in conversation with Miss Sarah Jane Corbett



Miss Catherine Horsman and Mr. Ian McCorquodale



Miss Carole Samuel and Mr. Anthony Speelman

Miss Gillian French and Mr. John Winckelmann

Miss Elfrida Eden and Mr. Alexander Dalgety

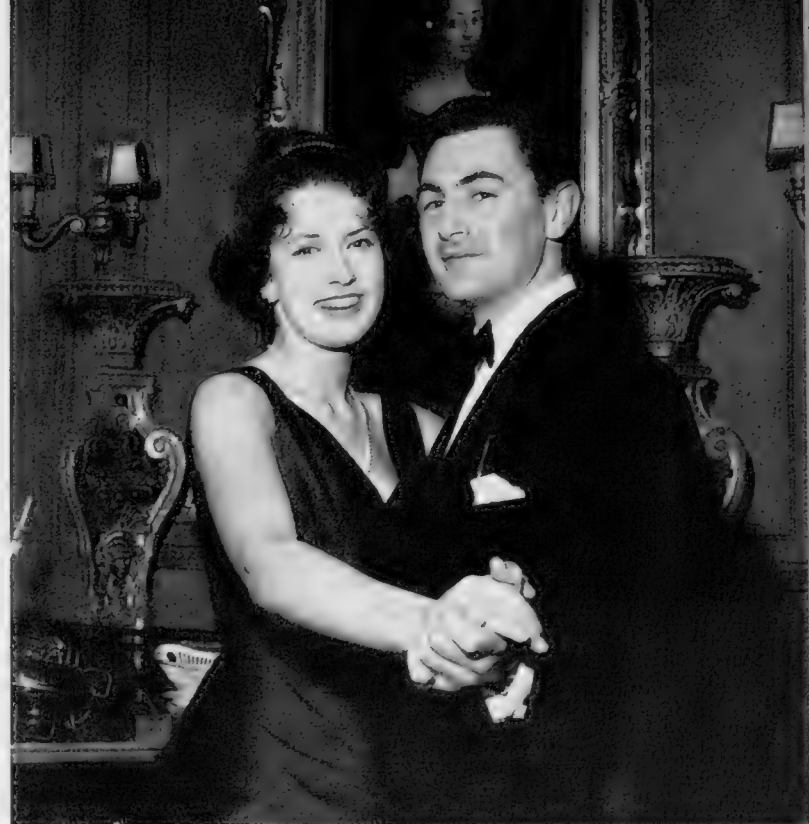


Miss Avis Blackwood-Murray and Mr. John Alexander

A. V. Swatch

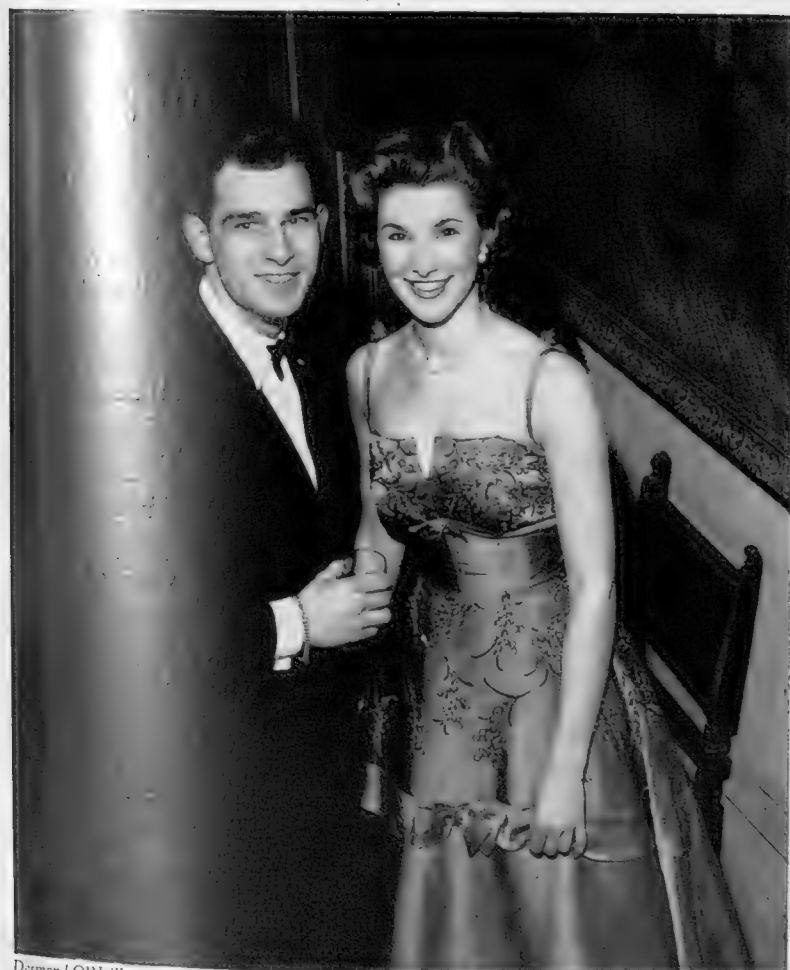


Captain and Mrs. Leonard Plugge with their son Mr. Frank Plugge



BIRTHDAY PARTY

CAPT. AND MRS. LEONARD PLUGGE gave a party at their house in Lowndes Square to celebrate the coming-of-age of their eldest son Mr. Frank Plugge. Above: Miss Veronica Belloc-Lowndes and Mr. Paul Shanks were at the party



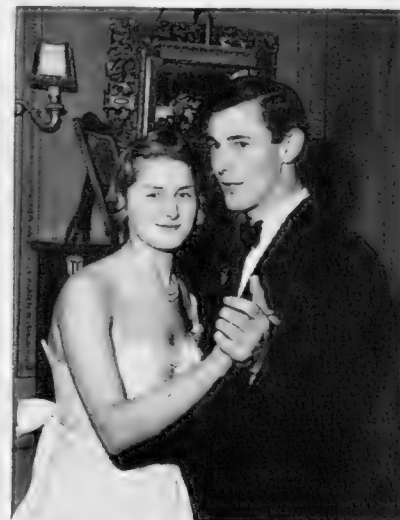
Desmond O'Neill

Mr. Brook Williams and Miss Susan Hampshire



Miss Maureen Lyle Purdy and the Hon. Ian Bennet

Miss Simone Nangle and her fiancé Mr. Peter Tatham



Miss Cynthia Prior dancing with Mr. Nevill Turner

Miss Victoria Porter and Mr. Jeremy Crewdson



Book Reviews

THE HERO'S SIDELINE WAS VILLAINY

FRANCIS KING's latest novel *The Man On The Rock* (Longmans, 15s.), is the successor to the highly praised *The Widow*. This author goes on from strength to strength: odious as the "big name" idea may be, I shall be surprised if, a few years hence, his name is not one of the biggest in English fiction. This time he has done a challenging thing, given us an antipathetic hero—constantly open to disapproval, sometimes to hatred. Spiro, a young modern Greek, resident in London but recalling lately lived years in his own country, tells his own story. He's a parasite, a spiv, in effect a gigolo. Infinitely discreditable have been his relationships with three persons—Irvine, the grotesque, idealistic American relief worker in Greece, whom he has ruined; Helen Bristow, the rich British business man's wife in Athens, who committed suicide on account of him; and Kiki, the young Greek heiress whom he has married.

In their squalid Battersea flat, Spiro—ill, true enough—lies abed, while Kiki, shortly to have a baby, goes out to work to support him (she has been cast out, penniless, upon her marriage to Spiro, by her infuriated London-Greek father). Fever and solitude make Spiro's mind race back; incident after incident lives again for him. The massacre (in his presence or just off stage) of his parents, brother and all the men of his native village by Greek Communist rebels had not been a good beginning, nor had the unspeakable weeks which followed, when he and other adolescents were dragged about in the mountains by their captors. Spiro, after experiences such as his, might well plead that he is a moral casualty, against which nothing ought to be held. But he never does plead, never does excuse himself—therefore, his curious innocent-wicked integrity gains on one. One ends (or I did) by being drawn to him, strongly.

And, what about Irvine, Helen, Kiki? Dare we denounce "victimizers" when there are persons determined to be victims? "People like you and Irvine and Kiki," exclaims Spiro, "are the predestined victims of people like myself. You need us as much as we need you: sometimes I think that it is you who make us what we are. . . ." That, I think, is the theme—call it moral?—of *The Man On The Rock*. The book's other aspects, examples of wisdom, painfulnesses, comedies and glories, I have not room to discuss. If 1958 brings us a novel better than this, it will do well.

★ ★ ★

CLASHES of personality provide, for most of us, what is humanly memorable in history. *The Meddlesome Friar* (Collins, 18s.) is "The Story of the Conflict between Savonarola and Alexander VI," and the author, Michael de la Bedoyere, does not fail to bring out the significance. No less than a spiritual fundamental was at stake. Savonarola, the Dominican from Ferrara, virtually dictator of Florence, challenged the authority of the Borgia Pope. The time was the last few years of the fifteenth century; the setting was brilliant, dangerous Renaissance Italy.

It would be easy, as the author points out, to simplify down these two men to saint and sinner. Savonarola has, as I recollect, had a considerable build-up from anti-papists—on *that* score, wrongly: he was a devoted son of the Church of Rome, by no means a forerunner of Martin Luther. Alexander VI (born Rodrigo Borgia, a Spaniard) has not for a long time been left a foot to stand on: simony, debauch, vices natural and unnatural were attributed to him with glee and gusto—the "smear campaign," as America would call it, taking in his daughter Lucrezia and son Cesare.

M. de la Bedoyere brings out the tragic-ironic element in the conflict between Pope and rebel. Through Savonarola's saintliness ran an aggressive arrogance; Alexander VI, this whole book suggests, was by secular standards far from a wicked man



GEORGES SIMENON (above), the famous French mystery writer, is seen at "Golden Gate," his villa at Cannes, in the room where he works and where he keeps comprehensive files packed with crime-worthy information



ROMANO'S, that famous haunt of Bohemia, of beauties and bookies, peers and painters, is the subject of Guy Deghy's book *Paradise In The Strand*, whose amusing dust cover is seen above (Richards Press, 25s.)

MOTHER AND CHILD of Senegal. This is one of the photographs illustrating Arne Hirdman's *With Adventure In My Rucksack*, a fascinating book about the author's wide travels (Jarrolds, 21s.)





Mrs. G. Webb, Mr. Nigel Webb, Cdr. G. Webb and Mr. Reginald Blackmore, secretary of the Society

—He should never have been forced into the Church, as he was, by a powerful family's ambition. He relaxed, though probably little more, in the company of a delightful group of young women; each of whose portraits, in words, our author provides. As a statesman, he was temperate and adroit; he did all he possibly could to avoid the final showdown with Savonarola—but, alas, the martyr impaled himself on his fate. *The Meddlesome Friar* absorbing to read and, surely, wonderfully fair-minded?

★ ★ ★

A DELIGHTFUL autobiography, *With Lions By My Side* (Hutchinson, 18s.) is by Paulette Lloyd Greame, a lady Hungarian by birth and Kenya cattle farmer by destiny. How wide she differs from the popular concept of a Kenya cattle farmer, her photographs and her vividly temperamental writing show. Her inborn wish was to own a lion, and this was to be realized several times—always, I'm glad to say, without disillusionment.

Romeo and Juliet, born pin-ups, whose sleepy portraits adorn the book jacket, were the first comers: alas, in one sense or another passion wrecked them. There followed Ting-a-ling, infant cinema-goer, Kitgum, and The Last Straw (who finished as a veteran in the London Zoo.) Deviation to leopards introduced Alex, two Annabellas and the Three B's. Greater felines fill but part of this book: there is also a motor crossing of the Sahara, accounts of *safari*, the running of a restaurant called The Lobster Pot in Nairobi, wartime quarrying for kyanite, and other tense adventures. You ought to like *With Lions By My Side*.

★ ★ ★

WILSON BREBNER'S *Doubling Thomas* (Hart-Davis, 12s. 6d.) is a short, wise, alarming novel—its scene the future. Thomas, our hero, is to outward eye the Little Man of the twenty-first century: civil servant turned semi-automat, he works in a terrifying Agency, a mechanical brain which controls his city. (You must read about the Agency, and those inhumanities.) Thomas, however, has a secret life; once a year he becomes all the world's love, the Clown. There's a great deal in *Doubling Thomas* for you to ponder: it is also a very engaging story, with something of the impish pathos of J. M. Barrie.

—Elizabeth Bowen



Desmond O'Neill

THE PASTEL SOCIETY SHOW

THE FIFTY-SECOND EXHIBITION of the Pastel Society opened at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, this month. Above, Mr. and Mrs. S. Morse-Brown by his portrait of Andrew Spencer at the private view



Mrs. H. M. Brading and Miss E. Clarke



Miss Jane le Dain and Miss Julie Findlay

Miss Ann Hales and Mr. I. R. Small at the Exhibition

Miss Louisa Worsley and Mr. Grisha de la Vatine

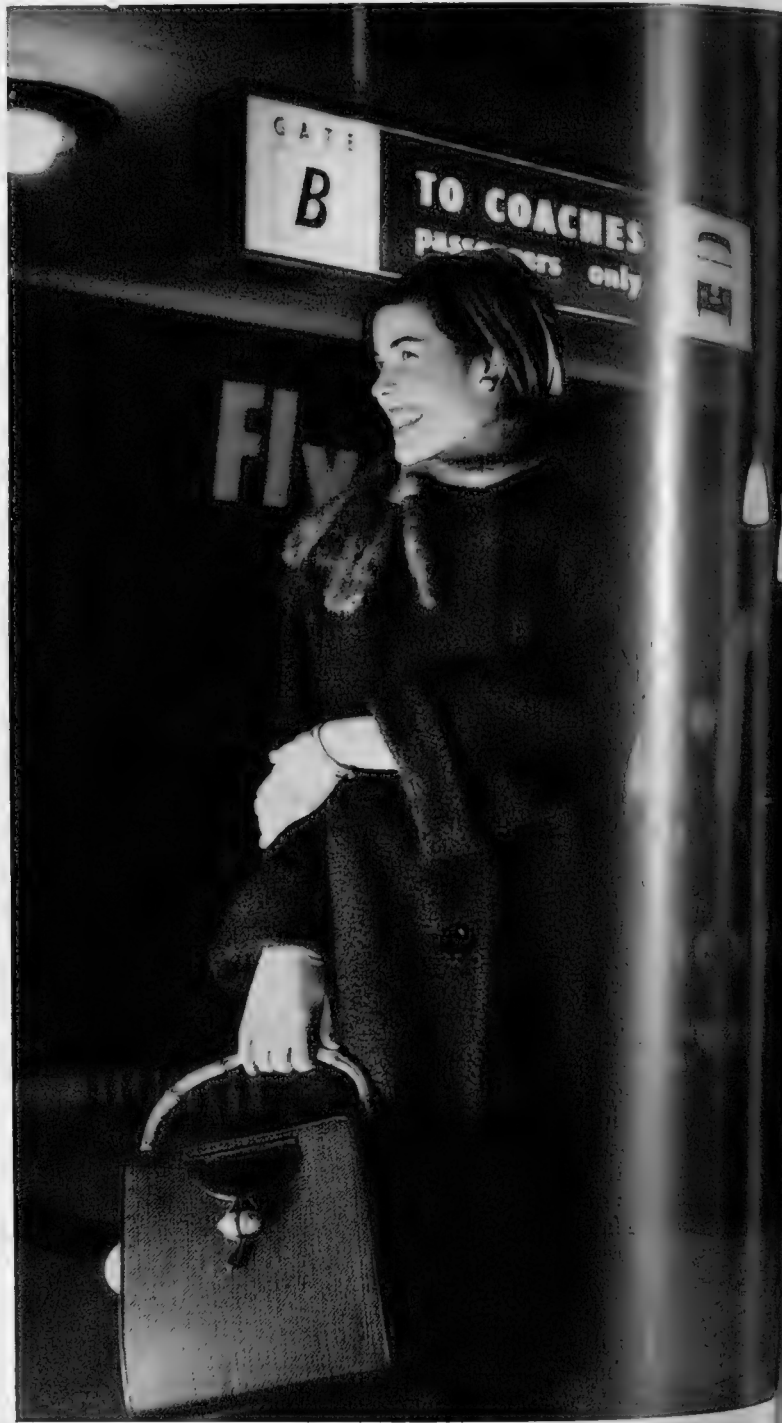


A JOURNEY TO THE RISING SUN IN THREE DAYS

WITH almost daily flights to Tokyo, why not a holiday in Japan? We found this Japanese house (featured on the opposite and following pages), not 9,300 miles away but at Pinewood. It was built for the film *The Wind Cannot Read*, a wartime story of the love of an R.A.F. officer for a Japanese girl. The beautifully draped short evening dress in white French matt jersey is by Susan Small. Price approx. 22 gns. at Galleries Lafayette; and County Clothes, Cheltenham



TODAY when distance no longer has any meaning, a holiday in the sun can be spent in the New World or the East with equal ease. Photographed at the West London Air Terminal, Cromwell Road, a coat of grege coney fur by Albert Hart, 150 gns. Handbag by Ferragamo



BY AQUASCUTUM, a black coat in Ascher's wonderful wool, mohair and nylon fabric. A loose coat buttoning to the neck, it costs 45 gns. at Aquascutum, London and Bristol; Lincoln Bennett of Manchester. Worn with it is a pastel mink choker from Harrods, price 15 gns.





BY FONTANA of Rome, a loose tailored shirt (above) in wide vertical and horizontal stripes of bright royal blue and white hand-woven wild silk. Worn over bright fitting shorts these playclothes will be obtainable at Harvey Nichols in the new Fontana Room opening on the 3rd March

A SLENDER chemise dress (left) in navy blue linen has a sun-top bodice with fine shoulder straps and front seams picked out in white. It is worn with a collarless jacket in white pique. By Horrockses, price approx. 13½ gns. at Woollands; and Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham

DELIGHTFUL for summer parties—a short evening dress (right) by Christian Dior (London) in a lovely rose printed silk, roses shaded from deep red to pale pink on a white ground. The bodice plunges to a deep vee back finished with a wide bow. Approx. 75 gns. at Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly, W.; and Samuels, Manchester





GLAMOROUS three-piece for lounging, by Fontana of Rome. Made in hand-woven wild silk the brief suntop and loose jacket are lavishly trimmed in gold. Available at Harvey Nichols on March 3rd. All straw accessories shown on these pages are from the Eaton Bag Co.

SHELL DESIGN on an olive green ground is the cotton used for this slim dress with its gentle unfitted line. Made by Estrava it has a matching semi-fitted jacket with three-quarter sleeves. Price approx. £6 12s. 6d. at Wakefords, King's Road, Chelsea; Marie Holliday, Coventry. White beads by Adrian Mann



Michel Molinare

TEA CEREMONY. The bright pink sun-cotton jeans are worn here with a wide turtle necked bloused top in Tootal's pink and white "Piazza" design fabric. By Estrava, price 3 gns. and 4 gns. approx. at Peter Jones, Sloane Square; Tyrrell & Green, Southampton



At this time of year thoughts are centred on holidays. For the woman who wants to be both soigneur and comfortable on her journey we show on these two pages the perfect ensemble from Jaeger to travel anywhere

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CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK





Elegance for the journey

NOTHING gives a holiday such a good send-off as the happy feeling that your luggage does you credit as you wait at airport, station or port for your journey to start. We show you here a selection that will ensure attention at the most bustling terminus

—JEAN CLELAND

Noton's new Wraith series, P.V.C. covered, with plywood foundation, is extremely light. Size 24 in. costs £6 12s. 6d. and the 27 in. is £7 9s. 6d. The Kynoch Stewart tartan, pure wool, costs 4 gns. Leading stores



This jewel box comes in black leather, and is lined with red velvet. Its price is £5 12s. 6d. The river pearl rope necklace is £1 1s., Dickins & Jones, Regent St.

Always in fashion are Revelation suitcases. These illustrated are of fibreglass. The larger costs £7 19s. 6d. and the smaller £6 19s. 6d., while the Rev-robe is priced at £10 19s. 6d. From most principal stores





For long journeys by train, this beautifully made case in coach hide, with removable tray and complete with mirror, is ideal. It costs 15 gu. Smaller one, for shorter journeys, 11 gns. Harvey Nichols



Revelation matching set, Gordon tartan, 21-in. suitcase £5 19s. 6d., 25-in. suitcase £6 15s., 21-in. leather-trimmed bag £8 19s. 6d. Chief stores



A useful beauty case of striped washable material in a choice of blue or red on white. 14 in. by 10 in. by 5½ in. deep, it costs £11 17s. 6d. from Woollands of Knightsbridge

Dennis Smith



Beauty bag in simulated coach hide. It is fitted with plastic containers and is lined in pink. This is priced at 11½ gns., and may be obtained from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford St.



Dennis Smith

These zippered waterproof bags with inside adjustable straps take all make-up or manicure preparations. Woollands, at £1 10s. 6d. and £1 7s. 6d., in green, blue and pink

Beauty

All wanted on the voyage

ONCE again we say "bon voyage" to those friends who are leaving by land, sea or air to seek the snow or sun, according to whether they want to ski on the slopes or bask in the heat.

Both the travel—the actual getting there and back—and the holiday itself, can be much more pleasurable if a little forethought is given as to what to take in the way of beauty preparations and toilette accessories that make for convenience and comfort, and the maintenance of good looks, while away. Different kinds of holidays call for some variations in the type of things you pack, and a few suggestions may save you time and serve as a reminder. You will not need everything that I put into my list, but you can pick and choose according to your individual needs.

Certain things are common to every kind of holiday, and at the top of the list I would put a travel case for carrying beauty preparations. A great many people have these already, but if you have not, I suggest that you go out and buy one, and make yourself a very useful present.

THERE is a wonderful selection from which to choose, in all sizes and a variety of designs, from the inexpensive to the costly. You can get cases with empty jars or bottles, or all ready fitted up with a range of beauty preparations, whichever you prefer. The convenience of these cases is that they can be carried separately on the journey, and that whether in transit, or at the hotel, they are all ready to hand with everything you need for the care of your complexion. There is no hunting among the rest of the luggage for this jar or that bottle; everything is together in one place, compact and easy to find. You will, of course, take your usual set of preparations that you use at home, but if you are likely to be moving about much I would suggest, in addition, a bottle of a liquid cleanser and some cotton wool. This enables

you to have a quick clean up at any time during the day, and leaves the face feeling cool and refreshed. Also to keep your skin smooth and supple, and avoid that dusty dried-up feeling that so often comes while travelling, do include one of the moisture preparations, such as Helena Rubinstein's "Skin Dew" or Elizabeth Arden's "Moisture Cream." Just a little worked into the skin with the tips of the fingers every morning before making up, gives it a most pleasing all-day softness that must be felt to be believed.

FOR the hair I suggest three things. Firstly, a conditioning cream to put on now and then to keep the hair silky. Just a little on the ends, at any time when it is inclined to look extra dry because of sea-bathing, wind or sun, will immediately take away the frizziness and make it sleek and pliable again. Secondly, get one of the hair sets that act like an invisible net. If you are going without a hat, these are invaluable for keeping the hair tidy and in place. Do not forget, though, that these sets—some of them are called lacquers—are made in different strengths, and must be chosen accordingly. If your hair is fine and soft, you should have a very soft one with a gentle action. If stronger and more coarse, you need one with greater strength. My third and last suggestion is a bottle of brilliantine to put on at night after you have been out all day. Just the tiniest smear in the palm of the hand, rubbed over the brush, will be sufficient to give a nice sheen for the evening.

NOW a few additional things for the more specialized holidays. If you are going to sunbathe, you must of course include one of the protective creams or oils that guard the skin and keep it from burning. Remember, too, to take a darker powder and a brighter lipstick—coral or flame—for when you get brown. Sunglasses are something else you will need.

A holiday in the snow calls for sunglasses again, and also a protective preparation that guards against cold and sun. Guerlain have a "Sport Cream," which is a protective make-up base for use after a long period in the open air, and Savory and Moore have a "Glacier" cream which was used by the Everest expedition. This is made in two kinds—one is greasy for use over 6,000 ft., and the other non-greasy for lower altitudes where the air is not so dry.

EYES are apt to get tired and strained by the glare of the sun and the snow, and therefore I would strongly advise packing a good eye lotion and a jar of Optrex pads to put over the eyes for a few moments when you come in, to refresh them before the evening festivities.

For those who are going on a cruise, I suggest a tablet of soap that lathers in salt water, or one of Elizabeth Arden's very useful bath mitts.

For all holidays again (we come back to where we started) pack a packet of tissues which come in handy for so many purposes, and a tin of Elastoplast which is invaluable for blisters, and for many emergencies.

Well, those are my suggestions. I hope they may come in useful. In any case, I wish you happy holidays.

—Jean Cleland





Miss Tessa Williams, daughter of Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., and Mrs. Williams, J.P., of Llysmeirchion, Denbigh, is seen with her fiancé, Mr. Michael Preece, elder son of Col. James Preece, O.B.E., T.D., and Mrs. Preece, of Broadeares, Trentham, Staffordshire

THEY ARE ENGAGED



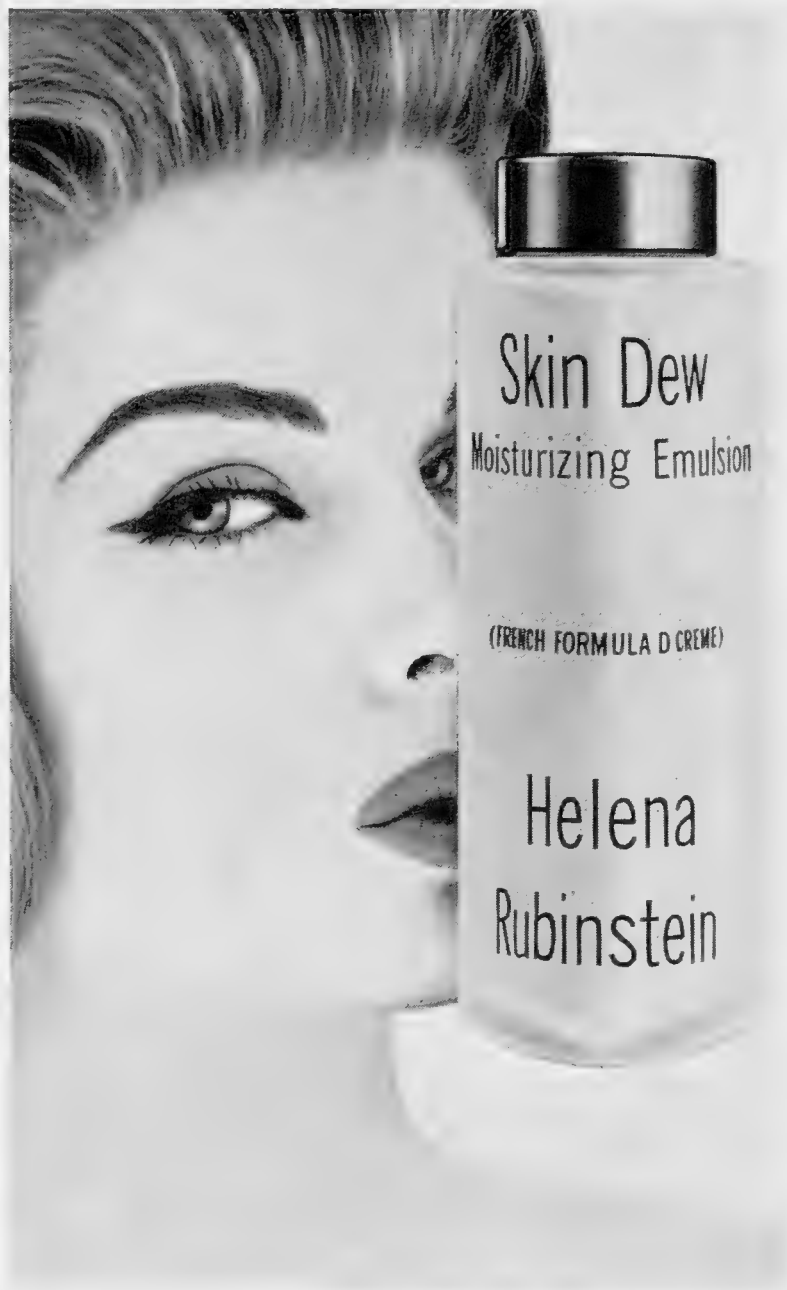
Miss Helen Mary Kirwan-
Taylor, daughter of Mr. John Kirwan-
Taylor, of Sussex, and of
Mrs. Charles, of Alveston, Glos.
Mr. Denis Mortimer
Mountain, son of Sir Brian and
Lady Mount, of Eaton Square



Miss Judy Tregoning, elder daughter of Mr. W. L. Tregoning, C.B.E., and Mrs. Tregoning, of Whitelands Farm, Ashington, Sussex, is to marry Mr. Thomas Lane, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lane, of Serpentine House, Holbeach, Lincolnshire



Miss Celia Green, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Green, of Ballyrolane House, Castlelyons, Co. Cork, is seen with her fiancé, Mr. E. J. M. Child-Villiers, son of F/Lt. the Hon. E. M. Child-Villiers, B.A.O.R., and of Mrs. Barbara Torrens, of Windmill Field, Old Bosham, Sussex



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ALFRED NEUBAUER (left), famous racing manager of the Mercedes-Benz equippes, has retired from this post which he had held since 1925. Herr Neubauer plans, from his wide knowledge of such motor racing, to write a history of Grand Prix racing

Motoring

BASIC ALPHABET FOR THE FOREIGN TOUR

Oliver Stewart



BOND'S, the company which manufactures the three-wheel Minicar, are to enter the scooter market with a 55-m.p.h. model, powered by a 150-c.c. Villiers engine. Glass-fibre bodied with dual seats and large hold-all, it will travel 110 m.p.g. It costs £174 5s.

THE mention of touring immediately conjures up scenes of Continental spaciousness, main roads planned for really fast traffic, scenery of great impressiveness and beauty, and the widest possible choice of overnight accommodation freely available, from the humble country inn to the five-star hotel. But do not forget that Scotland, too, is a splendid part of the world to drive in, and may be ranked as "abroad," by motorists who do not live there. The food and hospitality it offers are, in my opinion, also of a higher standard than in England. (In fact, recent experiences, when I was on my way to the north, of the things English hotels do, have convinced me that the stories of improvements in service and food are largely exaggerated.)

Those heading south for the first time should know that it is possible to take the car across the Channel without calling in the help of the motoring organizations; but the method is only worthwhile if many trips are made each year. Otherwise the best course is to go the R.A.C. or the A.A. They will do everything from providing the G.B. plate to preparing the customs *carnet*. The decision on whether to go by air or by sea ferry is partly influenced by the difference in costs, but it is also partly influenced by the projected timetable.

AND the timetable is again the determining factor for the amount of equipment that is to be carried. If you mean to travel far and fast, you will necessarily have to carry a formidable amount of equipment. But here I am more concerned with the leisurely tour. For that, there is no need to take anything more than the equipment and tool kit that goes with the car; but there is a case for one or two extras, the most obvious being a powerful hand torch, and the least obvious a length of stout rope which is not only useful for the emergency tow but for a thousand other things.

Then there is the need to carry water. The protections against inadvertently running out of fuel are now so good that an emergency supply is no longer needed; but it does still happen sometimes that radiator temperatures fail to behave where the way is hilly or mountainous. A convenient water carrier, well protected against damage and not liable to cause novel noises to emerge from the boot, is a Chianti flask.

FOR finding restaurants and hotels in France, one again refers to our old friend the Michelin guide (without question the best thing of its kind). And let me repeat my warning that, if much motoring is to be done in Paris itself, the purchase of a large-scale map showing the one-way streets and parking places (and remember there are new parking rules there now) is essential.

Driving on the right of the road instead of on the left is much less trouble than the novice is led to suppose, and in France and Belgium drivers actually *notice* and take heed of signals—a thing almost unknown in England! If, for instance, you wish to edge over to a new traffic lane preparatory to turning, and if you make the appropriate signal by semaphore or flashing light, the English driver—especially, I regret to say, the bus driver—will exert all his energies to prevent you from doing what you want. In France, on the other hand, the driver behind will at once give way.

As for the metric system, why, it will at last give you a chance to use all those tables they insist on putting in the diaries! In truth, the metric system is easily and quickly assimilated after the first effort and those who stay more than a month on the Continent usually find that they greatly prefer it to our own mad and muddled measures. For tyre pressures it is rather useful to remember that one kilogram to the square centimetre is about one atmosphere. (One atmosphere is 14.7 lb. to the square inch). Most German service station men deal in "atmospheres" when treating tyre pressures.

IT was good to hear that Alfred Neubauer—surely one of the most impressive figures ever to grace a racing circuit—intends to write a history of Grand Prix racing. It will be recalled that at the beginning of the year Neubauer retired from the post of racing manager for Mercedes-Benz which he had held since 1925. Neubauer has expressed the view that motor racing today is facing a crisis because of the apathy of the big car factories; but he believes that sports car racing is as healthy as ever.

Most people would be sorry to see Grand Prix racing in a decline, for, however highly one thinks of sports car events, they never seem to have the glamour or intense competitive urgency of the Grand Prix events.

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Lisser—May. Mr. Raymond Lisser, only son of the late Mr. H. C. J. Lisser, and of Mrs. E. G. Lisser, of N.W.1, married the Hon. June Lisette May, only daughter of the late Lord May, and of Mrs. W. H. Hallam, of Peel St., W.8, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Seely—St. George. Mr. Charles William Seely, younger son of the late Lt.-Col. W. E. Seely, and of Lady Graham, of Wiverton Hall, Bingham, Nottinghamshire, married Miss Morvyth St. George, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. St. George, of Worthing, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



RECENTLY MARRIED



Gordon Lennox—Williamson. Lord Nicholas Gordon Lennox, younger son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, of Goodwood, Chichester, married Miss Mary Williamson, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Hedworth Williamson, of West Wittering, at St. George's, Hanover Square

Cocker—Hesketh. Dr. Eric Cocker, son of Sir William and Lady Cocker, of Dyke Nook Lodge, Accrington, Lancashire, married Miss Zoe Hesketh, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hesketh, of Wiswell, near Blackburn, at Whalley Church

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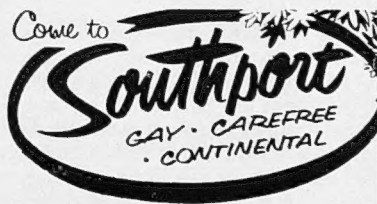
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DINING IN

Continental dishes

THERE are so many books dealing with cookery in other lands that all of us can enjoy at home the dishes we enjoyed "away."

One of the latest of these is *A Spanish Cookery Book*, by Angela Mack (Museum Press, 12s. 6d.). The author is an Englishwoman resident in Spain. She has carefully collected the recipes for those dishes which she feels will be acceptable here, which is a good idea, and she admits to cutting down the amount of garlic in some recipes "because it seems to taste much stronger in our climate than it does in Spain." Here, I think, she has hit on a real truth. But because, she says, "no book of Spanish recipes would be complete without a recipe for garlic soup," she gives the following:

INGREDIENTS: 4 slices of brown bread, 1 very small cabbage, 4 cloves of garlic, 2 tomatoes, 4 spring onions, parsley, oil, water, salt and paprika pepper.

Heat the oil in the frying-pan. Chop the onions and fry them golden; add the tomatoes and cabbage shredded finely and well rinsed and drained beforehand. Fry for a few moments, add a little paprika pepper and enough water to cover the vegetables. Transfer at this point to a saucepan if the frying-pan is not deep enough.

Crush the garlic in a mortar and moisten with a little water before adding it to the soup. Season well with salt and leave to simmer gently until the cabbage is tender. Transfer to a hot serving bowl . . . and float the slices of bread sprinkled with the finely chopped parsley. Must be served piping hot.

The Home Book of Russian Cookery, by Nina and George Froud (Faber & Faber, 16s.), is a collection of recipes of well-known (and many not

so well-known) Russian dishes. We could do with a few good ways of using tongue and here is an unusual one from this book:

1 ox tongue, 1 carrot, 1 parsnip, 1 turnip, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. raisins, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper.

(I ought to mention that the ingredients in the book are tabulated.)

Wash the tongue, put in a large saucepan, together with all the peeled and sliced vegetables, add salt and hot water, so that the water level is 1 in. above the ingredients. Simmer for 2 to 3 hours. Remove the tongue, rinse in cold water and immediately skin it.

Melt 1 tablespoon of butter, blend in 1 tablespoon of flour, gradually dilute with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups strained tongue stock, bring to the boil, add washed raisins, and simmer for 7 to 8 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from heat, add more salt, if necessary, lemon juice, 1 tablespoon of butter, allow to blend but do not re-heat. Slice the tongue, pour the sauce over it and serve with mashed potatoes and garden peas.

Now for Bocconcini Alla Romana, an Italian version of "Veal Birds."

For 4 people, have 12 pieces each of very small thin escalopes of veal and very small thin slices of boiled ham. The veal and ham pieces should be no larger than half a 10s. note, cut across. Place a piece of ham on each piece of veal. Mix together the juice of a small clove of garlic, 2 to 3 teaspoons finely chopped parsley and 1 to 2 teaspoons of chopped capers. Add a sprinkling to each portion of veal and ham. Season with freshly milled pepper and very little salt. Roll into "fingers" and spike each serving (three "fingers") with a cocktail stick. Sprinkle with a little flour and fry gently in a little butter and olive oil. Remove to a heated serving-dish and keep hot while making the sauce.

Pour 3 to 4 tablespoons of dry white wine into the frying-pan and simmer for a second. Add a little brown gravy or stock and simmer for a further 2 minutes. Remove from the heat and stir in a few small pieces of butter. Remove the cocktail sticks, pour the sauce over the "Bocconcini" and serve, first sprinkled with chopped parsley, if liked.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Travelling gourmet

THOUSANDS of people are now planning their holidays, and in a few months' time will be departing, by one means or another, in all directions. And no matter where they go they will be able to find, if they take a little trouble, good food and fine wine in abundance.

I, personally, stick to the specialities of the region and the local wines of wherever I may find myself. It is of course true that in the great hotels and smartest restaurants there is nothing you can't get, but who wants a Dover sole in Vienna or expects a dozen Whitstables in Rome?

One thing is certain: you don't have to leave the British Isles to find good food and excellent wines. This may cause a howl of rage, but it is a fact of which I was reminded last week in London, when I had a dozen oysters, steak and kidney pudding, Stilton cheese, with crisp celery and a pint of very good bitter; a delicious lunch. If you are in Scotland, what's wrong with their Tay salmon and a bottle of dry white wine, or a fillet of Angus beef with a Burgundy. As for Wales, I have seldom met the equal of a saddle of Welsh lamb.

So don't decry the roast beef of old England, the lobsters, crabs, Dover soles, etc., but just find the places where they prepare them best.

Maybe you will find yourself in Dieppe or in part of Normandy. If so, Sole Dieppoise is a delight and the Gigot Pré Salé not to be missed, this being the leg of a lamb bred on the salty downs near the sea. Farther south in France, pike becomes a speciality, a fish completely neglected over here, and you will find many variations of Quennelles de Brochet, a mousse of pike with various sauces, according to the chef in charge, many of which are wonderful. If you are anywhere near Marseilles you will have to try the famous Bouillabaisse, an immense mixture of Mediterranean rock fish which cannot be properly produced elsewhere.

In Italy I live almost exclusively on their endless variations of spaghetti, macaroni, tagliatelli and ravioli with the delicious meat sauces which are available, and if you like rice there are many forms of risotto, my favourite being Risotto à la Milanese, which includes white wine and the marrow from beef bones in the mix-up. If you find yourself in Rome, go to George's in the Via Marche, where not only will you find first-class international cuisine, but surprisingly some traditional English dishes.



J. Allan Cash

THE RESTAURANT at Zurich Airport, which overlooks the incoming and outgoing aircraft of many famous lines, is the meeting place of many nationalities bound for different lands

Above all, you will find that Vernon Jarratt, an Englishman of some renown, is the proprietor, and he will give you a warm welcome in your own language.

In Germany you could live on sausages and cooked meats for ever: they have the largest variety in the world, from the white sausage of Upper Bavaria to the fried sausages of Nuremberg. Many parts of Germany abound in game of all sorts and the rivers provide some very fine fish including trout. As for wine, Germany produces the finest white wines in the world; the reds are negligible.

Switzerland, with over 10,000 hotels and 17,000 restaurants to cater for its twelve million visitors a year, is entirely international, but don't forget one or two of their own specialities; the famous "Fondue," for instance, a remarkable mixture of cheese, wine, garlic and kirsch, all stirred up in a copper pot boiling hot, everybody eating it out of the same container. In the Canton of Valais, try their Rachette, a way they have of roasting cheese in front of a fire.

Don't ignore the Swiss wines, many of which are very good. They are mostly white, drunk young, and are light and refreshing. The best red comes from Dole and bears a considerable resemblance to Burgundy.

So here's to "dining out" in splendour wherever you may be.

—I. Bickerstaff

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For detailed information on transport, accommodation and costs consult your Travel Agent or South African Railways Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London. W.C.2.

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